

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

VOL. XXIX

MAY 1917

NO. 7



The soldier looked at her with a rather bold admiring glance.

He raised him up and leaned him against his knees.

He drew his whole weight on the horse's head.

"I shall not stay here another moment."

"Don't," Captain Edwards said masterfully.

Published at **HER HERO OF '98** See story on page 8
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

United States Enters the Great Conflict to Rid the World of the Curse of Military Despotism

WE are now at war with the enemy of mankind. The conflict was not of our seeking. We did all that we could to avoid it without sacrificing our national honor. War was forced upon us by that military despotism which is striving by the most cruel means in defiance of the law of nations and the common rights of humanity to subject the world to its tyrannical will. Long and patiently had we suffered destruction of lives and property which it had treacherously instigated and executed in our midst through its spies and diplomatic representatives; it had secretly attempted to induce Mexico and Japan to join it in war against us by promise of helping them to conquer and permanently hold a part of our territory; and finally, when its armed forces engaged in open hostilities against us we could not do otherwise than resort to arms, for there was no other means of defense.

President Wilson stated the situation correctly when, before Congress on the second day of April, he asserted that by the indiscriminate sinking of the peaceful ships of all nations the German government was waging war against all nations, against mankind. He was right in saying that submarines are outlaws when used as Germany has used them against merchant ships, and especially in causing the slaughter of men, women and children who were passengers on such ships, and that the situation, aggravated by a long series of plots and intrigues against our peace and safety, had become unbearable. He was absolutely right in charging that a state of war already had been thrust upon the government and people of the United States by the German government, and he was in duty bound to ask, as he did, that Congress recognize that fact by a formal declaration and provide the means "to bring the German government to terms and end the war."

The President draws a sharp distinction between the German people, with whom he says we have no quarrel, and their autocratic government which he accuses of having swept them into the world war without their previous knowledge or approval. For the German people he expresses friendship and sympathy and the hope that they will soon follow the recent example of the Russian people by establishing a democratic government in place of the despotism which now oppresses them and is a pest to the peace-loving democracies of the world. He is convinced that "Prussian autocracy could never be our friend," that "no autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith," and that "a steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations." "We are about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty," he declares, "to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its people, the German people included."

There are hopeful indications that many of the people in Germany are beginning to see the matter in much the same light as the President views it, and are likely to take the reins of government in their own hands as a step toward peace. The sooner they do it the better, for England, France and Russia, like the United States, have resolved never to make peace with Prussian militarism.

In England and Italy government by the people is as complete and as firmly established as in America. For the kings and nobles which these countries still retain to gratify their love of pomp and pageantry are mere puppets long since shorn of all governmental power. Autocratic government is a survival of the dark ages and is out of joint with twentieth century ideals. The people of Russia have swept it away and have emerged into the light of freedom under the energizing stimulus of war. Germany and her allies are the only European nations over which autocratic rulers hold sway, and their thrones are tottering.

It is a world-wide conflict of autocracy against democracy that we have entered, and it cannot end until the curse of military despotism is wiped off the face of the earth. The issue is vital to the most sacred rights and broadest interests of humanity and there can be no compromise. In order to give substantial foundation to the hope that this is to be the last great war it must be fought to a finish whereby permanent peace shall be assured in the establishment of government of the people, by the people and for the people in every civilized country.

Through the ages war has been the price paid by humanity for every important upward step. World conditions that stood as obstacles in the path of progress and could not otherwise be removed made the present war inevitable sooner or later. It has come in our time and we must bear our share of the burden. Do not credit the pessimistic prediction that this war, unspeakably frightful though its devastation be, will be a setback to civilization. It will purge the world and clear the way for a new and better order of things. The cause of liberty will be triumphant throughout Christendom, it will bring universal religious tolerance, it will end forever the bloody and barbarous reign of the degenerate Turk. Europe, chastened and poorer in things material will be richer spiritually while the leveling of caste will broaden and strengthen the bond of human interest and sympathy between the social classes.

And we Americans will be bettered by the lessons we shall learn and the sacrifices we shall have to make. Thrilled with patriotism and aroused to a deep sense of devotion we shall place service above greed; constrained by necessity we shall learn to eliminate waste for which we are notorious as a people, thrift will take the place of extravagance, and the seriousness of the work before us will have a sobering influence and turn our thoughts and aims to something better and higher than the mere pursuit of pleasure, and not the least of our benefits will be the national blessing of uniting the various elements of our diversified population in a common cause, a common interest and a common purpose.

Military Necessity that the Farmers Raise Large Crops as Possible

THERE is a world-wide shortage of food that, unless relieved by larger and better harvests the coming season in America, threatens higher prices and short rations for the people and serious difficulty to the government in carrying on the war. It has assumed the proportions of a national crisis, and to meet it the government has supplemented the general movement for the planting of vacant city lots and back-yard and school gardens with an urgent appeal to the farmers to do their utmost to raise as large crops as possible this season as a patriotic duty under stress of military necessity. The military experts on both sides agree in the opinion that the war has reached a stage in which the determining factors are food and ships—food for the people, food for the armies in the field, freight ships to transport the food and war-ships to convey and protect them from submarines.

Although we are to raise a large army to join the forces that are fighting the Germans on French soil, it will not be drilled and equipped for service under a year. Meanwhile France and England have as many soldiers in the field as they can feed under present conditions, and the food problem, both for their armies and for their civil population in those two countries, is becoming more difficult. Neither country is self-sustaining in time of peace, and now that so many of their men are engaged in the pursuit of war the farming there is carried on largely by women and children, which has resulted in diminished

food production. The deficiency has been and must continue to be supplied mostly from America. Our phenomenally large harvest of 1915 rendered this an easy and profitable task last year, but the short harvest of last year together with the loss of so many ships sunk by submarines makes it a troublesome proposition at present. The German and Austrian ships which we have taken over with those we have and others we are building, and the defensive activities of our navy are confidently relied on to care for the transportation question satisfactorily. So the basic question of winning the war comes back to the American farmers.

The American farmers never have failed and never will fail of patriotic devotion. They are not asked now to meet the foe with their rifles as they did most valiantly at Lexington of old; in the present war they can render their country no less patriotic and more effective service in the wheat field, the corn field and the cotton field with the plow, the cultivator and the reaper in repelling the threatened invasion of the land by famine, the gaunt, irresistible enemy that stalks beside war. Nor will they miss their reward, for prices are high and are bound to range higher for their products. Stern measures are to be invoked to prevent speculation in food stuff, and it is proposed to have the Federal government, if necessary, take over the products of the farms to protect the people from extortionate prices and ensure fair remuneration to the farmers.

Must Stop Food Waste or We Shall Suffer Want is Government's Warning

EVEN though our best efforts at production are aided by favorable growing weather the results are likely to be inadequate, and in case the season proves unfavorable the consequences will be disastrous unless we economize and conserve our present supply by cutting out all preventable waste. We are the most wasteful people in the world. Our waste has always amazed and shocked Europe whose economists have often told us that a European family could live well on the food that an average American family wastes. The necessity for reform is so pressing that our government, through its department of Agriculture, has launched a vigorous campaign to stop the waste of food in our homes—a needless, wicked waste estimated at seven hundred million dollars' worth a year.

The world's food supply is short and is bound to continue so for a year or more. Unless you wish to pay higher prices next fall and winter and suffer the pinch of hunger, too, stop wasting food. One difficulty in doing so is that waste has become so habitual with us that much of our wastefulness escapes our notice—is not recognized as such—and we do not know how to check it. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Office of Information, Washington, D. C., for its valuable and instructive free bulletins on economical use of foods and saving waste.

Watch for and Report Enemy Spies

OUR country is flooded with enemy spies intent on destroying lives and public and private property and instigating treason. They have done much damage. Hundreds of them are under arrest, but thousands are still at large—sneaking, treacherous, skulking, murderous foes more dangerous than open enemies. It is the duty of every loyal citizen to be on the watch for them and promptly inform the local authorities and the war Department, at Washington, of any persons whose conduct or talk is suspicious. Remember, they are not all Germans; they may be of any nationality—Some are native Americans.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Subscription price in United States and United States Possessions 25c a year; Canadian subscriptions 50c a year; foreign countries 75c a year. No premiums or prizes will be given on Canadian or foreign subscriptions. Please send your renewal just as soon as your subscription expires. *We can not continue sending COMFORT to you unless you do.* If you do not get your magazine by the 25th of the month write us and we will send you another copy free. Please notify us immediately in case you move, so that we can change your address and see that you do not miss a single copy. Remember that we *must* have your former address, as well as your new address to make the change. Be sure to send *both*. We do not supply back numbers.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Attractive Tatting Designs

TATTING, which has in the past couple of years been steadily winning its way into popular favor as a trimming is supposed to have originated in China, though in the last centuries it has been more generally made in Ireland than elsewhere, the female population of entire villages being engaged in its manufacture.

Old photographs of Adelaide Niellson show her in a tatting-trimmed skirt, and for this tatting which was a flounce almost eighteen inches wide, the sweet voiced singer paid one hundred dollars per yard.

Tatted Collar

For this collar first make a row of tatting as shown in No. 1, the length of the neck-band of the collar. Make rings of 7 p., chs. 2 p., join 2nd picots of rings.

No. 2, for next row is the same excepting lower edge of rings are not joined.

These 2 rows should be joined as made by center picots, of rings.

Then the entire piece is edged with 7 p. rings and scallop. The scallop on the ends and bottom are of 5 ps. and along top 3 ps. Rings are joined together but simply to rings in last row.

Another border of 7 p. rings and 5 p. scallops is added to ends of collar. The rings joined only at 4th p. to center p. of scallop in last row.

Beginning at corner, make ch. 3 p., 7 p. ring, ch., 7 p. ring join to scallop in last row, repeat around to opposite corner then finish end with rings and scallops.

No. 3. Medallion for corners and center of back. Begin with ring 6 p., surround with 6 rings of 10 p., with scallop between each of 7 p.

Place medallions as shown to fill front corners make scallop 5 p., 7 p. ring, scallop, ring scallop. To fill corners on the lower edge make scallop 5 p., 7 p. rings, then 3, 5 p. scallops, join to rings in last row.

On each side medallion in back fill in with five, 5 p. scallops and 5 rings 7 p. each.

No. 4. Ring and point for edge. 7 p. ring, ch. 2 p., then with shuttle alone, 2 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., close, ch. 2 p. ring.

This is made in 2 rows. First one 7 p. ring, ch. 2 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., with spool thread small ring of 3 p., ch. of 1 p., ring 3 p., ch. 1 p., ring 7 p., join to first ring at 2nd p. of each. Repeat.

Ivy Leaf Lace

A medium fine cotton was used for this sample. The leaves are made first as follows ch. 8, join; ch. 12, turn, 1 d. c. in 4th st., ch. 1, sk. 1, tr. c. in next ch. 1, sk. 1, d. c. in next ch. 1, sk. 1, s. c. in next, ch. 2, d. c. in ring. This completes the foundation for the first section of leaf.

2nd section.—Ch. 17, d. c. in 5th st., (ch. 1, sk. 1, tr. c. in next) twice, ch. 1, sk. 1, d. c. in next ch. 1, sk. 1, d. tr. c. in next, ch. 1, sk. 1, d. c. in next ch. 2, 2 s. c. in ring.

3rd section.—Ch. 23, d. c. in 5th st., (ch. 1, sk. 1, tr. c. in next) three times (ch. 1, sk. 1, d. c. in next) twice ch. 1, sk. 1, d. tr. c. in next (ch. 1, sk. 1, d. c. in next) twice ch. 2, 2 s. c. in ring.

The fourth section is like the second.

Fifth section is like first with four doubles after it instead of two.

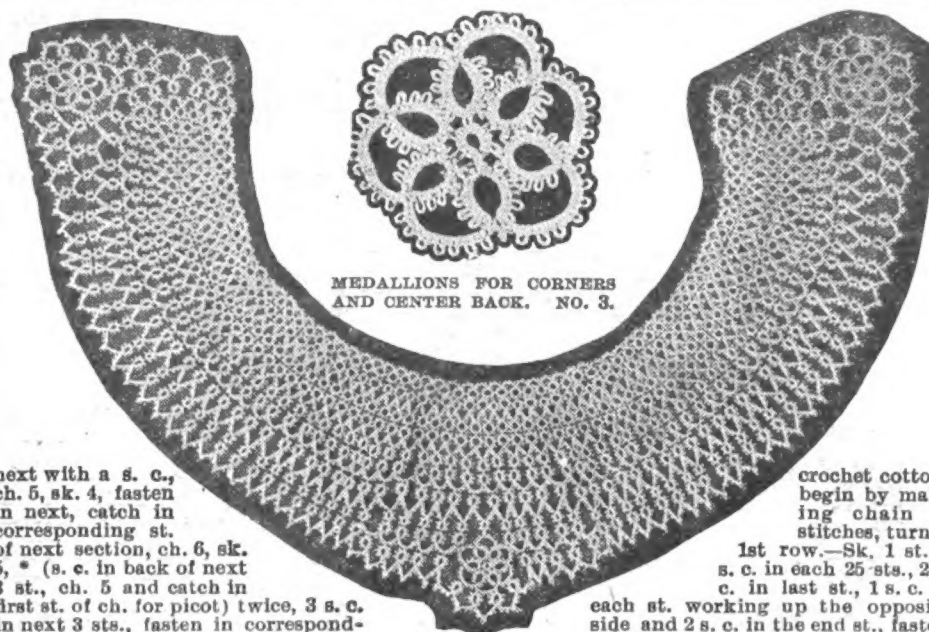
2nd row.—2 s. c. in first 2 st. of first section d. c. in next st. and 1 tr. c. in each st. around the section working in back loop and widening in middle of section by putting three tr. c. in same st. so the edge will lie flat. Finish section as began with d. c. and 2 s. c. Work 2, sl. st. in 2 s. c. in ring and continue around each section in same way. After fifth section make 2 sl. st. in 2 d. c. of ring, ch. 15 for stem, turn, sk. 1, s. c. in each of nine st., ch. 6, sk. 1, s. c. in each of five st. then s. c. in each of 5 st. remaining of original ch. Fasten in st. next to first section and break thread.

Make as many leaves as required and join with a picot edge thus:

Fasten thread in end of short arm of stem and catch in upper side of first section where it will lie flat, ch. 6, sk. 4 d. c. and fasten in

a chain in the center, longer or shorter according to the size of the mat desired, while the round ones are begun in the center by joining a chain in small ring.

For an oval mat of medium size, using coarse



MEDALLIONS FOR CORNERS AND CENTER BACK. NO. 3.

next with a s. c., ch. 5, sk. 4, fasten in next, catch in corresponding st. of next section, ch. 6, sk. 5, * (s. c. in back of next 3 st., ch. 5 and catch in first st. of ch. for picot) twice, 3 s. c. in next 3 sts., fasten in corresponding st. of middle section (3 s. c., picot) 7 times, 3 s. c., catch in next section (3 d. c., picot) 3 times, 3 s. c., fasten in last section, s. c. in each st. to top of section and fasten in middle st. of second section of next leaf. Repeat from *.

For the heading—Fasten thread in last section of top leaf, ch. 3, catch in end of stem * ch. 2, picot (a picot (p) in heading is made by ch. 3, fasten in 3rd st. from hook) ch. 2, p., ch. 2, sk. 3, fasten in next, ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, fasten at branch or angle of stem ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, fasten in other end of stem, ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, fasten in leaf, ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, sk. 3 d. c. of leaf, fasten in next ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, fasten two sections of leaf together, ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, sk. 3 d. c., fasten in next ch. 2, p., ch. 2, fasten in next leaf, ch. 2, fasten in end of stem, ch. 3 fasten between p. of third from last ch., ch. 3, fasten in middle of next ch. back, ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, fasten in middle of ch. forward and repeat from *.

The next two rows are simply ch. 2, p., ch. 2, p., ch. 2, fastened between p. of last row. The last row which straightens the edge is ch. of 4 caught in each ch. of last row.

Leaves made in this way may be used in a wide variety of ways, in lace edgings as shown, as outline for collars, doilies or scarfs and of

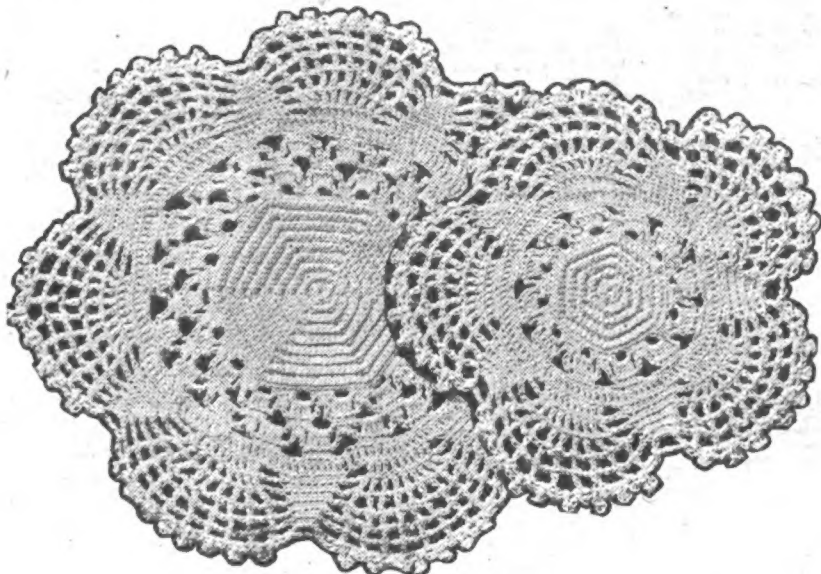
Tatted Collar

2nd row.—Ch. 1, then working down the side just finished and taking up only the half of the st. farthest from you, make 1 s. c. in the first st., 2 s. c. in the next, then 1 s. c. in each of the next 23 sts., 2 s. c. in next, 1 in next st., 2 s. c. in end st., 1 s. c. in next st., then 2 s. c. 1 s. c. in next 23 sts., 2 s. c. in next st., sl. st. to first st. in this row, turn and work back over the side just finished as follows.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in each first 3 sts., 2 s. c. in next, 1 s. c. in each of 24 sts., 2 in next 1 s. c. in each next 2 sts., 2 s. c. in next st., 1 s. c. in each next 2 sts., 2 s. c. in next st., 1 s. c. in each next 2 sts., join as in last row and turn. This turning of the work is what forms the ribs.

4th row.—Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in each of 3 sts., 2 s. c. in next, 1 s. c. in 24 sts., 2 s. c. in next 1 s. c. in 3 sts., 2 s. c. in next, 1 s. c. in each next 3 sts., 2 s. c. in next, 1 s. c. in 24 sts., 2 s. c. in next, 1 s. c. in each next 3 sts. and join and turn.

Continue working in this way until there are 6 ribs on each side of the foundation chain. Be careful always to widen by working 2 s. c. in one of the 2 widening singles of the previous row, and always take up only the back loop of each st. in each round.



CROCHETED TABLE MATS.

silk as an applique pattern for hat bands, dress trimmings, sofa pillows, etc.

MRS. VIOLA LOGUE.

Will Mrs. Logue please send her full address to the editor.

Table Mats

This unusually effective pattern for crocheted mats is a particularly good design for hot dishes, as the center is very close and solid.

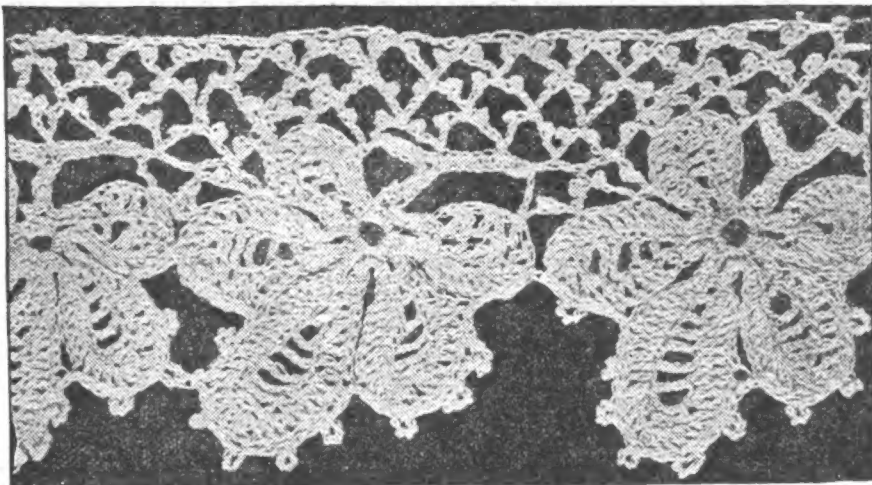
When making a set of mats the number may vary but for a small family seven makes a very good set; two large round ones, one large oval

Border of Mats

Begin the first row with a ch. 4 and continue to work in the same direction instead of turning as before; Skip over 2 sts., 1 s. c. in each of the next 4 sts., ch. 4, sk. 2, 4 s. c. Work once around in this way finishing with 4 s. c. on last 4 sts., 11 groups 4 s. c. in all.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 4 d. c. under ch. 4, ch. 3, 2 s. c. on 4 s. c. in last row. Work once around in this way, finishing with 2 s. c. on 4 s. c.

3rd row.—Ch. 4, 4 s. c. on 4 d. c., ch. 4, 4 s. c. on next 4 d. c., repeat all around. In working this row if one crochets loosely chains of 3 may prove long enough, but the work should



IVY LEAF LACE. Mrs. Viola Logue.

one, two medium-sized ovals, and two small round or oval ones as preferred.

The only difference in making these round and oval mats is that the oval ones begin with

neither draw nor be full, so chains should be made just long enough so the work will lie flat. End this row with a ch. and then 1 s. c. under first ch. 4.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 4 d. c. under ch. in last row, ch. 3, 2 s. c. on 4 s. c. in last row, ch. 3, 4 d. c. under next ch., ch. 3, 2 s. c. on 4 s. c. Work all around in this way. The 5th row is the same as 3rd row; end with 4 s. c. on 4 d. c.

6th row.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. in each st., ending with a d. c. on the first d. c. made in this row.

7th row.—Ch. 3, sk. 1 d. c., 9 s. c. in next 9 d. c., ch. 3, sk. 2 d. c., 9 d. c. on next 9 d. c. Repeat from the beginning of this row all around.

8th row.—Ch. 3, 8 s. c. on 9 s. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in first d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c. in 2 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c. Repeat, making 9 d. c. in all, then repeat from the beginning of this row, all around.

9th row.—Same as last with exception of making chains 2 between each of the 9 d. c., and working only 7 s. c. on the 8 s. c.

10th row.—Same as 9th with exception of making chains 3 between d. c. and working only 5 s. c. on 7 s. c.

11th row.—The same as last except that only 3 s. c. are worked on the 5 s. c. Finish with sl. st., under ch., then ch. 4, 1 sl. st. under ch. other side of 3 s. c.

12th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. between 1st and 2nd d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under same ch. This forms picot. Ch. 3, 1 p. between next 2 doubles. Finish the edge by working all around in this way.

Round Mats

Begin these with ch. 5, join in ring, fill with singles and reverse each row in center to form ribs as in oblong mats.

In 4th round work 2 s. c. in the first st. and at five other points, thus dividing the round into 6 equal parts.

Work 7 or more ribs in this way according to the size of the mat then finish with border.

Knitted Point Lace

Cast on 23 stitches.

1st row.—K. 2, o. twice, purl 2 tog., thread back, k. 1, o. twice, purl 2 tog., k. 4, o. twice, k. 2, together 6 times.

2nd row.—K. 2, p. 1, this is knit first of loop and purl last half, 6 times, k. 4, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 2.

3rd row.—K. 2, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o. twice, k. 2 in 1, 9 times.

4th row.—P. 1, 9 times, k. 4, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o. twice, k. 2.

5th row.—K. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o. twice, k. 2, tog., 13 times, k. 1.

6th row.—K. 3, p. 2, k. 2, p. 1, 12 times, k. 4, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o. twice, k. 2.

7th row.—K. 2, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o. twice, k. 2 in 1, 20 times.

8th row.—K. 2, p. 1, 20 times, k. 4, o. twice p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 2.

9th row.—K. 2, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 in 1 to end of the row.

10th row.—Cast off 7, k. 2 in 1, 11 times o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 2.

Repeat from 1st row.

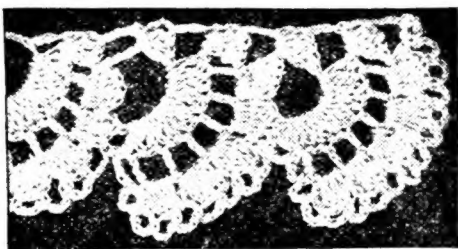
M. M. HAWLEY.

Shell Edging

Ch. 12, join in ring, ch. 3, turn.

1st row.—Into ring work 15 tr. c., ch. 3, turn. 2nd row.—3 d. c. in first st., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c., * ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c., repeat from * making 6 spaces in all, ch. 2, turn.

2nd row.—3 d. c., 1 s. c. in first sp., 1 s. c., 3 d. c., 1 s. c. in each of the next 4 spaces, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in last st. of last row, ch. 3, turn.



SHELL EDGING

4th row.—Shell 3 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 8, sl. st. to center second shell, ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—12 tr. c. under ch. 8, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in last st. of last row.

6th row.—Same as 2nd row. Repeat pattern for the length desired. After completing last scallop ch. 3, turn, 1 s. c. in first d. c., ch. 3, sk. 1, 1 s. c., repeat along edges and up side of each scallop to the next scallop, thus giving picot like edge shown.

Tatting Book Notice

In response to the demand and for the benefit of our readers who are interested in tatting, we have issued a 16-page booklet of special designs by COMFORT workers.

This Tatting Book illustrates very plainly just how the work is to be done, by showing the various position of the worker's hands, which are accompanied by explicit directions for the different movements used in making the stitch.

It also contains a complete range of patterns from the simplest edgings and insertions to handsome designs worked with one and two threads, including patterns for doilies, centerpieces, scarfs, lingerie, waists, yokes, collars, infants' and boudoir caps, bags, etc.

We will send a copy of this book free for one new yearly subscription (not your own) at 25c., or for your own subscription or renewal and ten cents extra 35c. in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Masked Bridal

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edith Allandale, the only support of an invalid mother pawns a valuable watch. To redeem it she offers a five-dollar gold piece, paid to her by Royal Bryant, the broker, who dropping it into a drawer declares it a counterfeit and returns it. Going home her mother suggests it may be genuine and again Edith goes out to buy food and coal. While eating supper an officer enters, followed by the grocer who insists upon Edith's arrest for passing counterfeit money. She is hurried to the station house, leaving her mother in the care of Kate O'Brien. Edith writes to Royal Bryant explaining the situation. He redeems the watch, secures Edith's release and sends her home, where she finds her mother dying. After her death in reading letters, Edith learns she is an adopted daughter, the child of a dear friend, who believes she is legally a wife, until the father of her child admits his perjury and deserts her. Edith writes Mr. Bryant, giving no address and goes to Boston, securing a position as companion with Mrs. Gerald Goddard. Edith discovers there is a skeleton in the family, when Mrs. Goddard accuses her of attempting to steal her husband's affections. Emil Correlli, Mrs. Goddard's brother is persistent in his attentions to Edith; she tries to avoid him and decides to leave. Mrs. Goddard begs her to stay. Edith, going to walk, renders assistance to Mrs. Stewart, who is attracted to her and shows agitation when she learns she is a companion to Mrs. Goddard, and if she needs a friend to come to her. Edith is overtaken by Emil Correlli. Nearing Mrs. Goddard's house, a woman, unknown to Edith addresses Emil in a foreign tongue. Realizing that Edith thinks this is something mysterious in his relation to this woman he endeavors to set it right, renews his protestations of love, offers marriage and is staggered by her refusal. Mrs. Goddard unfolds a scheme which cannot fail to make Edith Allen his wife, but Emil must go away. Mrs. Goddard plans with Edith for a "mid-winter frolic," at their country home. The housekeeper, Mrs. Weld, overhears Mr. Goddard's plan and tells her of a certain document. Mrs. Goddard proposes a theatrical performance entitled "The Masked Bridal." The guests arrive. Mrs. Weld takes a folded paper from Mrs. Goddard's jewel case; it vindicates her. Mrs. Goddard, having sent for Edith and seeing Mrs. Weld in an adjoining room devises a scheme to get her from meeting Edith to whom she explains that Miss Kerby and brother who have the leading parts, have been summoned home and requests Edith to supply Miss Kerby's place. Edith objects to what appears sacrilegious. Over persuaded she consents and veiled and masked the ceremony is performed. When she hears Mrs. Goddard congratulate Emil she grasps the duplicity and nearly falls senseless. Mrs. Goddard, returning to the ballroom asks Emil to introduce his friend, Mrs. Stewart. Meeting her, Mrs. Goddard calls her husband, who recognizes in Mrs. Stewart his former wife. Recovering from the shock Edith talks with Mrs. Goddard, who implores her to see Emil and forgive his deception. She listens to his entreaties and later his commands and utterly refuses to ever break bread at his table.

CHAPTER XX.

EDITH RESOLVES TO MEET HER ENEMIES WITH THEIR OWN WEAPONS.

THE morning following her interview with Emil Correlli, when Edith attempted to leave her room to go down to breakfast, she found to her dismay, that her door had been fastened on the outside.

An angry flush leaped to her brow. "So they imagine they can make me bend to their will by making a prisoner of me, do they?" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes and scornful lips. "We shall see!"

But she was powerless just then to help herself, and so was obliged to make the best of her situation for the present.

Presently some one knocked upon her door, and she heard a bolt moved—it having been placed there during the night. Then Mrs. Goddard appeared before her, smiling a gracious good morning, and bearing a tray, upon which there was a daintily arranged breakfast.

"We thought it best for you to eat here, since you do not feel like coming down to the dining-room," she kindly remarked, as she set the tray upon the table.

Edith opened her lips to make some scathing retort; but, a bright thought suddenly flashing through her mind, she checked herself, and replied, appreciatively:

"Thank you, Mrs. Goddard."

"Ah! she is beginning to come around," thought the wily woman.

But, concealing her secret pleasure at this change in her victim, she remarked, in her ordinary tone:

"We shall leave for the city very soon after breakfast, so please have everything ready so as not to keep the horses standing in the cold."

"Everything is ready now," said Edith, glancing at her trunk, which she had locked just before trying the door.

"That is well, and I will send for you when the carriage comes around."

Edith simply bowed to show that she heard, and then her companion retired, locking the door after her, but marveling at the girl's apparent submission.

"There is no way to outwit rogues except with their own weapons—cunning and deceit," murmured the fair prisoner, bitterly, as she began to eat her breakfast. "I will be very wary and apparently submissive until I have matured my plans, and then they may chew their cud of

defeat as long as it pleases them to do so."

After finishing her meal she dressed herself for the coming drive, but wondered why Mrs. Weld had not been up to see her, for, of course, she must know that something unusual had happened, or that she was ill again, since she had not joined her at breakfast.

A little later she heard a stealthy step outside her door and the next moment an envelope was slipped beneath it into her room; then the steps retreated, and all was still again.

Rising, Edith picked up the missive and opened it, when another sealed envelope, addressed to her, in a beautiful, lady-like hand, and postmarked Boston, was revealed, together with a brief note hastily written with a pencil.

This latter proved to be from Mrs. Weld.

"Dear Child," it ran, "I have been requested not to go to you this morning, as you are particularly engaged, which, of course, I understand as a command to keep out of the way. But I want you to know that I mean to stand by you, and shall do all in my power to help you. I shall manage to see or write to you again in a day or two. Meantime, don't lose heart."

"Affectionately yours,
"GERTRUDE WELD."

"P. S.—The enclosed letter came for you in last night's mail. I captured it for you."

With an eager light in her eyes, Edith opened it and read:

"Boston, Feb. —, 18—."

"MY DEAR MISS ALLEN:—I have learned of the wretched deception that has been practised upon you, and hasten to write this to assure you that my previous offer of friendship—when we met at the time of the accident to my coachman—was not a mere matter of form. Again I say, if you need a friend, come to me, and I will do my utmost to shield you from those who have hewn themselves your worst enemies, and whom I know to be unworthy of the position which they occupy in the social world. Come to me when you will, and I promise to protect you from them. I cannot say more upon paper. Sincerely yours,
ISABEL STEWART."

"How very kind and yet how very strange!" murmured Edith, as she refolded the letter. "I wonder who could have told her about that wretched affair of Tuesday evening. I wonder, too, what she knows about the Goddards, and if I had better accept her friendly offer."

She reflected upon the matter for a few minutes, and then continued:

"I think I will go to New York first, as I had planned, see what Mr. Bryant can do for me, and ascertain the meaning of that strange personal; then I think I will come back and ask her to take me as a companion—for I do not believe that what I shall learn to my financial advantage will amount to enough to preclude the necessity of my doing something for my support. I suppose I ought to answer this letter, though," she added, meditatively; "but I believe I shall not dare to until I am safely away from Boston, for if my reply should fall into the hands of any member of this family, my plans might be frustrated."

She carefully concealed both notes about her person, and then sat down to await orders to go below.

A little later Mrs. Goddard came to her and said they were about ready to leave for the city, and requested her to go down into the hall.

Edith arose with apparent alacrity, and madam noticed with an expression of satisfaction that her bearing was less aggressive than when they had last met.

She followed Mrs. Goddard down-stairs and seated herself in the hall to await the signal for departure.

Presently Mr. Goddard came in from outdoors. He started slightly upon seeing Edith, then paused and inquired kindly if she was feeling quite well again.

Edith thanked him, and briefly remarked that she was, when he startled her by stooping suddenly and whispering in her ear:

"Count upon me as your friend, my child; I promise you that I will do all in my power to help you thwart your enemies."

He waited, for no answer, but passed quickly on and entered the library.

Edith was astonished, and while, for the moment, she was touched by his unexpected offer of assistance, she at the same time distrusted him.

A few minutes later the carriage was driven to the door—the snow having become so soft they were obliged to return to the city on wheels—when Mrs. Goddard came hurrying from the dining-room where she had been giving some last orders to the servants, and bidding Edith follow her, passed out of the house and entered the carriage.

Edith was scarcely seated beside her when Emil Correlli made his appearance and settled himself opposite her.

The young girl flushed, but, schooling herself to carry out the part which she had determined to assume for the present, made no other sign to betray how distasteful his presence was to her.

Upon their arrival in town, Mrs. Goddard remarked to Edith:

"I have been obliged to take, for a servant, the room you used to occupy, dear; consequently, you will have to go into the south chamber for the present. Thomas," turning to a man and pointing to Edith's trunk, "take this trunk directly up to the south chamber."

Edith's heart gave a startled bound at this unexpected change.

The "south chamber" was the handsomest sleeping apartment in the house—the guest chamber, in fact—and she understood at once why it had thus been assigned to her.

It was intended that she should pose and be treated in every respect as became the wife of madam's brother, and thus the best room in the house had been set apart for her use.

She knew that it would be both useless and unwise to make any objections; the change had been determined upon, and doubtless her old room was already occupied by a servant, to prevent the possibility of her returning to it.

Thus, after the first glance of surprise at madam, she turned and quietly followed the man who was taking up her trunk.

But, on entering the "south chamber," another surprise awaited her, for the apartment had been fitted up with even greater luxury than previous to their leaving for the country.

Upon the bed there lay an elegant seal-skin garment, which, at a glance, Edith knew must have been cut to fit her figure, and beside it there was a pretty muff and a Parisian hat, while over the footboard there hung three or four beautiful dresses.

"If they suppose that they could buy me over—tempt me to sell myself for this gorgeous finery?" the indignant girl exclaimed. "They must think me very weak-minded and variable if they did."

But her curiosity was excited to see how far they had carried their extravagant bribery; and, going back to the dressing-case she drew out the upper drawer.

Notwithstanding her indignation and scorn, she could not suppress a cry of mingled astonishment and admiration at what she saw there, for the receptacle contained the daintiest lingerie imaginable.

There were beautiful laces, handkerchiefs, and gloves, suitable for every occasion; three or four fans of costly material and exquisite workmanship; a pair of pearl-and-gold opera glasses.

More than this, and arranged so as to cunningly tempt the eye, there were several cases of jewels—comprising pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies.

It was an array to tempt the most obdurate heart and fancy and Edith stood gazing upon the lovely things with admiring eyes while, after a moment, a little sigh of regret accompanied her resolute act of shutting the drawer and turning the key in its lock.

"What a ploy to spend so much money for nothing," Edith murmured regretfully, when she had concluded her inspection. "It is very evident that they look upon me as a silly, vacillating girl, who can be easily managed and won over by pretty clothes and glittering baubles. I suppose there are girls whose highest ambition in life is to possess such things, and to lead an existence of luxury and pleasure—who would doubtless sell themselves for them; but I should hate and scorn myself for accepting anything of the kind from a man whom I could neither respect nor love."

She gave utterance to a heavy sigh as she closed the drawer and turned away from the dressing-case; not, however, because she longed to possess the beautiful things she had seen, but in view of the difficulties which might be before her to hamper her movements in the effort to escape from her enemies.

"I suppose I must remain here for a few hours at least," she continued, an expression of anxiety flitting over her face, "and if I expect to carry out my plans successfully I must begin by assuming a submissive role."

She removed her hat and wraps, hanging them in a closet; then, going to her trunk, she selected what few articles she would absolutely need on her journey to New York, and some important papers—among them the letters which her own mother had written—and after hastily making them up into a neat package, returned them again to the trunk for concealment, until she should be ready to leave the house.

This done, she sat down by a window to await and meet, with what fortitude she could command the next act in the drama of her life.

Not long after she heard a step in the hall, then there came a knock on her door, and madam's voice called out:

"It is only I, Edith; may I come in?"

"Yes, come," unhesitatingly responded the girl, and Mrs. Goddard entered the room.

"How do you like your new quarters, dear?" she inquired, searching Edith's fair face with eager eyes.

"Of course, everything is very beautiful."

"And are you pleased with the additions to the furnishings?—the chair, the work-table, and writing-desk?"

"I have never seen anything more lovely."

"I knew you would like them," said madam, "they are exquisite, and Emil is going to have

them carefully packed, and take them along for you to use wherever you stop in your travels. And the cloak and dresses—aren't they perfectly elegant? The jewels, too, and other things in the dressing case; have you seen them?"

"Yes, I have seen them all; but—but I am very sorry that so much money should have been spent for me."

"Oh, the money is of no account, if you are only happy," Mrs. Goddard lightly remarked. "And now," she went on eagerly, "I want you to dress yourself just as nicely as you can, and be ready, when the bell rings, to come down to lunch, as it becomes—my sister. Will you, dear?" she concluded, coaxingly. "Do, Edith, be reasonable; let us bury the hatchet, and all be on good terms."

"I—I do not think I can quite make up my mind to go down to lunch," Edith faltered, with averted face.

Madam frowned; she had begun to think her victory was won, and the disappointment nettled her. But she controlled herself and remarked pleasantly:

"Well, then, I will send up your lunch. If you will promise to come down and dine with us, will you?"

Edith hesitated a moment; then, drawing a long breath, she remarked, as if with bashful hesitancy:

"I think, perhaps—I will go down later—by and by."

"Now you are beginning to be sensible, dear," said madam, flashing a covert look of exultation at her. "and Emil will be so happy. Put on this silver-gray silk—it is so lovely, trimmed with white lace—and the pearls; you will be charming in the costume. I am sorry I have to go directly after lunch," she continued, regretfully. "but I have a call to make, and shall not be back for a couple of hours; but Emil will be here; so if you can find it in your heart to be a little kind to him, just put on the gray silk—or anything else you may prefer—and go down to him. May I tell him that you will?"

"I will not promise—at least until after you return."

Madam could have laughed in triumph, for she believed the victory was hers.

"Well, perhaps you would feel a trifle shy about it," she said, good naturedly. "It would be pleasanter and easier for you, no doubt, if I were here, so I will come for you when I get back. Good by till then."

And with a satisfied little nod and smile, madam left her and went down-stairs to tell her brother that his munificence had won the day and he would have no further trouble with a fractious bride.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER PAYS EDITH AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Edith listened until she heard madam descend the stairs, when she sprang to her feet in a fever of excitement.

"Oh, how I hate myself for practising even that much of deceit!" she bitterly exclaimed; "to allow her to think for a moment that I have been won over by those baubles. Although I told her no lie, I do intend to go down by and by if I can see an opportunity to get out of the house. But I did so long to stand boldly up and repudiate her proposals and all these costly bribes. Dress myself in those things!" she continued, with a scornful glance toward the bed; "make myself look 'pretty and nice,' with the price of my self-respect, and then go down to flaunt before the man who has grossly insulted me by assuming that he could bribe me to submission! I would rather be clothed in rags—the very sight of these things makes me sick at heart."

She turned resolutely from them, and, drawing the stiffest and hardest chair in the room to a window, sat down with her back to the allurements around her and gazed out upon the street. She remained there until her lunch was sent up, when she ate enough to barely satisfy her hunger, after which she went back to her post to watch for the departure of Mrs. Goddard.

The house stood upon a corner, and thus faced upon two streets—the avenue in front, and at the side a cross-street that led through to Beacon street. Thus, Edith's room being upon the front of the mansion, she had a wide outlook in two directions.

Not long after stationing herself at the window, she saw Mrs. Goddard go out, and then she began to wonder how she could manage to make her escape before her return.

She knew that she was only a prisoner in the house in spite of the fact that her door was not locked; that Emil Correlli had been left below simply to act as her keeper; and, should she make the slightest attempt to escape, he would immediately intercept her.

She could not get out of the house except by the front way, and to do this she would have to pass down a long flight of stairs and by two or three rooms, in any one of which Emil Correlli might be on the watch in anticipation of this very proceeding.

There was a back stairway; but as this led directly up from the area hall, the door at the bottom was always carefully kept locked—the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



Comfort Sisters' Recipes

Bill-of-Fare Making With Cheese as the Central Food

SINCE meat has so generally been the chief protein food of a meal, and the kind selected usually has determined the choice of vegetables and condiments, it is not strange that very many housekeepers should be inexperienced and consequently unskillful in planning meals in which cheese is substituted for meat when for any reason they may desire to make such a change. In seeking skill they might take a suggestion from the experiments to which reference has been made, and also from a case investigated and reported by the Office of Experiment Stations, of a man who lived for months upon a diet of bread, fruit and cheese, and who remained in good health and active, and did not weary of the monotony of the diet.

The first two articles of the diet mentioned, namely, the bread and the cheese, could have been taken in such amounts as to constitute what is usually considered a balanced ration, i. e., in such amounts as to supply the right quantity of muscle-forming foods in comparison with the energy value. The bread and cheese taken with the fruit, however, make a ration which is well balanced not only in the older and more widely accepted sense, but also in the more modern sense that it makes an attractive and palatable combination of foods, as well as a balanced ration, and thus favors digestion. The watery and refreshing fruits or succulent vegetables with their large supply of cellulose are a pleasant contrast to the concentrated and fatty cheese.

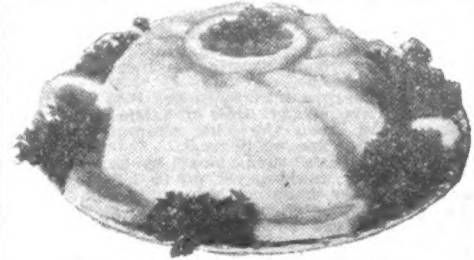
Housekeepers would probably find that if in planning menus of which a cheese dish is the chief feature they were to take pains to supply also crisp, watery vegetables, water cress, celery, lettuce served with a dressing or with salt alone, or simple fruit salads, and would give preference to refreshing fruits, either fresh or cooked, rather than to what are known as heavy desserts, they would in general be more successful in pleasing those who are served.

There is another point also to be considered in combining cheese with other foods. Whether it is raw or cooked it is likely to be somewhat soft, and so seems to call for the harder kinds of bread—crusty rolls or biscuits, zwieback, toast, pulled bread, rye bread, the harder brown breads, or crackers, and some of the numerous crisp ready-to-eat cereal breakfast foods. Brittle cookies, too, seem more suitable than rich, soft cakes or puddings for the dessert in such meals.

—U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

DELICIOUS CHICKEN.—Cook chicken till nearly done, in salted water, cut into small pieces and place in a baking dish. Soak two slices of stale bread in cold water, add a little flour, and mustard, sage, pepper and cinnamon to taste; mix, make into balls and place around the chicken; add the water in which the chicken was cooked and place in oven for half an hour.

FISH SOUFFLE WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.—Use left-overs for this very appetizing dish. One cup of cold boiled fish mixed with one cup of fine white bread crumbs and one half cup of rich milk or cream, Mix



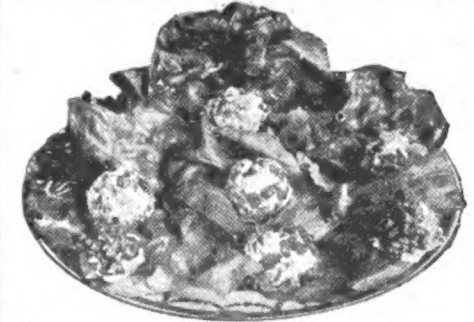
FISH SOUFFLE WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.

together, add pepper and salt to taste, two teaspoons of lemon juice, and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix again and add the egg whites beaten stiff. Pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes. Turn over on a hot dish and surround with sauce. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices.

SAUCE.—Place sauce pan at first where the stove is just warm. Put in quarter of a cup of butter, one tablespoon of salt, pinch of pepper, dash of cayenne, one quarter of a cup of cold water, and the yolks of two eggs. Beat together with a spoon, increasing the heat all the time, and when hot (not boiling) place in larger pan of hot water, stirring constantly until it thickens. Add one tablespoon of lemon juice and serve immediately.

SALMON LOAF.—Add to one can of salmon, two eggs, well beaten, one tablespoon melted butter, seven soda crackers, ground fine, juice of one lemon, and salt to taste. Bake in loaf and serve with mayonnaise.

HOME-MADE COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD.—Very carefully dish sour milk into a cheese cloth bag which is made



HOME-MADE COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD.

of two thicknesses. Hang in sun until all the whey has drained through. Season with salt and a little

birth-registration day. Baby Sabbath was also celebrated in many cities.

This general program was varied in some towns by a tag day; one featured a rural town's day, one a merchants' baby booster day, one a recognition day (when business houses put out flags and everyone interested was asked to wear a flower), and one had a baby button day. In North Dakota the general plan was to call flag day advertising day, and concentrate that day on letting everybody know what was coming. The program of a middle western city was: Baby Sunday, daddy's day, mother's day, the baby's day, home day, welfare day, parade day.

Expenses varied all the way from about four thousand dollars spent by one middle western city to thirty-five cents spent by a Southern village, and nothing at all spent for a baby week which had an enthusiastic constituency from both city and country.

Flag day was usually the first day of the celebration. The object of flag day was to see that every house where a baby lived put out a flag and kept it flying throughout the week. One Missouri town, on the other hand, asked the parents to wear flags instead of flying them from the windows. The flags adopted by the different towns varied widely, though many towns did not design a special flag for the occasion but used small American flags.

Baby Sunday was generally observed by an announcement of baby week and its purposes from the pulpits of various religious bodies. In some cases sermons on baby welfare were preached.

butter or cream. To one cup of cheese, add one third cup of finely broken walnut or pecan meats. Form into balls, sprinkle with a dash of red pepper and chill. Arrange on lettuce leaves prepared with French dressing.

COCONUT DROPS.—One pound of grated coconut, one half pound powdered sugar and whites of six eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Mix well and drop into buttered tins and bake. Add any desired flavoring.

Mrs. MINNIE BLACKBURN, Friendship, Tenn.

NOODLES.—To one egg, beaten lightly, add salt to taste, then sufficient flour to roll as thin as paper. Roll as for a jelly roll. Cut in thin slices, shake out and flour, add to your soup and let simmer fifteen minutes. If you wish to use noodles as a vegetable, double the quantity, say use two eggs.

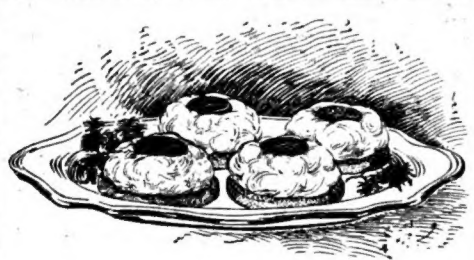
RYE BREAD. (Requested.)—One sifter or five and three quarters cups white flour, two sifters of rye flour, six cups warm water, two yeast cakes, dissolved in some of the water, one half cup melted lard, two tablespoons salt, four tablespoons sugar and one half teaspoon soda. Mix all together at night. Knead down in the morning. When light, divide into four loaves and let rise again in the pans.

Mrs. J. B. SILLIMAN, Patchogue, N. Y.

PIEPLANT BUTTER.—One gallon of cut up pie plant, one pound of seedless raisins six oranges, cut fine, and two pounds of granulated sugar. Put the fruit in a preserving kettle and when boiling well add the sugar and stir frequently until it is almost smooth. This will make two and one half quarts of butter and when tightly sealed will keep indefinitely. It is of fine flavor and being mildly laxative is health giving.

Ivy J. NEFF, Burrows, Ind.

HAM AND EGGS ON TOAST.—Trim slices of bread into rounds, toast and sprinkle with ground ham. For each slice of toast beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, adding a little salt. Cover the bread with this, making a little cavity in the center in which place the



HAM AND EGGS ON TOAST.

yolk of an egg; add a little salt and pepper and a small piece of butter and leave in a hot oven until the whites are a delicate brown. Garnish with parsley.

DARK COOKIES, WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup molasses, one cup shortening, two thirds cup brown sugar, one cup sour milk, two teaspoons soda, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon salt and flour enough to make a soft dough.

Mrs. LILLY WILBER, Ruby, Wis.

INEXPENSIVE SPICED CAKE. (Excellent.)—Break two eggs in pan, add one cup sugar, beat well; one half cup syrup or sorghum, one half cup butter (or less of lard), teaspoon each ginger, allspice, cloves and cinnamon, one teaspoon soda, salt to taste (pinch), stir and beat all together good; add teaspoon buttermilk, stir briskly until well mixed; add flour until very thick stirring while adding; bake one hour in slow oven.

LILLIE D. ELDERIDGE, Chiricahua, Ariz.

EGGLESS CAKE.—Crumb together one and one half cups of sugar, two and one half cups of flour, one half teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon and allspice, one tablespoon of lard and last of all add one cup of buttermilk or sour milk and one teaspoon of soda.

ANNIE LEWIS, Ager, Cal.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One half cup lard, melted, two eggs, well-beaten, one cup sugar, three squares unsweetened chocolate, one half cup flour, one quarter teaspoon salt, one cup chopped nut meats, one teaspoon vanilla. Bake in hot oven twenty minutes.

Subscriber.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING.—Mix and sift two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder and one half teaspoon salt; work in two tablespoons butter, and add three quarters cup of milk, toss on floured board, pat and roll out, place four apples pared, cored and cut in eighths in middle of dough and sprinkle with one tablespoon sugar mixed with one quarter teaspoon each, salt, nutmeg; bring dough around apples and lift into buttered mold. Steam one and one half hours. Serve with sauce.

BAKED APPLES.—Wipe the apples with a damp cloth and remove the cores. Fill the cavity with butter and sugar and sprinkle cinnamon over them. Bake until soft and serve with cream and sugar.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Sift one and one half teaspoons baking powder with one and one third cup of flour, add a little salt, two thirds of a cup of milk, a well-beaten egg and two apples which have been peeled, cored and either chopped or cut into small slices. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling fat and when cooked drain on brown paper and roll in powdered sugar or the sugar may be omitted and the fritters served with any good liquid sauce.

APPLES STUFFED WITH NUTS.—Core the apples. Fill in the space with a mixture of finely chopped nuts, sugar and cinnamon to taste. Bake and serve with whipped cream.

FANNIE V. TIDD, New York, N. Y.

ONE CRUST LEMON PIE.—Use the grated peel and the juice of one lemon. (After grating off peel remove the white, tough covering beneath it, then rub the lemon on the grater until all the juice is pressed out.) To this add one cup of hot water, one teaspoon cornstarch blended with a little water, one cup sugar and boil till it thickens; when cool, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake crust separately (pricking it several places with a fork that it may not blister.) When done fill with the lemon jelly and cover with a meringue made of the well-beaten whites of the two eggs, and two tablespoons of sugar. Brown in oven.

Mrs. P. S. HENDRY, Loxley, Ala.

CHERRY SPONGE.—One half envelope Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, one half cup cold water, one tablespoon lemon juice, one and one half cups canned cherries, one cup canned cherry juice, one half cup sugar and whites of two eggs. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot cherry juice.

Physicians were invited to occupy pulpits on Sunday evening in several communities.

Fathers' Day. In manufacturing towns fathers' day was celebrated by holding shop meetings with good speakers to address fathers on the whole question of what the community owes to its babies, with special reference to local conditions, good and bad. Several towns were successful in getting physicians to address fathers' meetings on the social evil and its effect on children.

The outing day proved popular in towns which celebrated later in the year than March. The usual plan was for the committee to collect all the automobiles it could borrow and fill them with mothers and babies. One city made a combination of outing and visiting day; parties of mothers and babies were taken in automobiles to visit baby camps maintained in one of the suburbs.

Parades, sometimes combined with visits to infant-welfare stations, were reported from several cities. Boy Scouts and members of Little Mothers' Leagues, trained nurses and others who were helping in the celebration were among those who marched in parades. Banners and labels voicing local needs were used effectively.

Here is a newspaper report of a successful parade held in Louisiana:

Babies to right of us,
Babies to left of us,
Babies in front of us,
Babies enough to dazzle us,
God bless 'em,
So say we, all of us.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

Has Nothing to Hide

You are insured a clear, transparent jelly made from the best material when you use Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

I know both yourself and family will be pleased if you try the recipe for Maple Rice Pudding which is printed below.

Mrs. Charles B. Knox,
President.

Maple Rice Pudding

Soak 1/2 envelope of KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE in 1 cup of milk ten minutes and dissolve in 2 cups of hot boiled rice cooked dry. Add 1 cup of granulated sugar or brown sugar, maple syrup or maple syrup and 1/2 teaspoonful of salt, 1 cup chopped nut meats, if desired, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, and when cool fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold which has been dipped in cold water. When firm, remove from mold and serve.

Recipe Book Free

Our book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" will be sent for your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample enclose 4 cents in stamps.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., Inc.
425 Knox Ave., Johnston, N. Y.

Add cherries, stoned and cut in halves, and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla and chopped cherries. Other canned fruits may be substituted for cherries.—Ed.

JELLY ROLL.—Five eggs, two cups sugar, cream together and add a tiny pinch of salt and soda, two teaspoons baking powder, three and one half cups flour and thin down with a cup of boiling water. Bake in layers, spread jelly on while hot and roll.

Mrs. J. H. MORRIS, Tusculuma, Ala.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one half cup cold coffee, two teaspoons soda and enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll out and bake in a moderate oven.

Mrs. J. C. LARIMER, Usk, Wash.

FRUIT CREAM.—Take one box of Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, four lemons, sliced, a little stick of cinnamon, and a pint of cold water. Divide it in halves after adding four cups of sugar. To one half add a half pint of hot currant jelly. To the other



half, a half pint of hot water. Strain, place a silver spoon into the bottom of a glass, and fill it one third up with the currant liquid. When that is cool add half of the lemon jelly and when set, fill the glass with the currant. Top this with whipped cream and a cherry.

SODA CRACKERS. (Requested.)—To fourteen cups flour add one cup shortening, four teaspoons cream of tartar, two teaspoons soda. Rub these well into the flour, and add three cups water. Work thoroughly, beat with rolling pin; roll thin and sprinkle lightly with salt, rolling salt lightly into dough. Cut in any desired shape and bake in quick oven. Half this recipe makes sufficient quantity for ordinary use.

Mrs. RAY R. PINKERTON, Hauser, Oregon.

Baby-Welfare Exhibits

The many exhibits held during baby week in 1916 had one or both of the following aims: They showed the need of infant-welfare work in a particular community, or they gave mothers information regarding the proper care of babies and children.

An exhibit on the dairy inspection system was prepared by a city chemist in Texas. He showed the visitors clean and also dirty milk under the microscope. The exhibit in a Pennsylvania city included material about pure food, with a special demonstration by girls from the domestic-science classes of the public schools. At the same exhibit boys of the manual training classes made and demonstrated small models of a dirty dairy, a clean dairy and a playground.

The exhibits on the care of the baby frequently included demonstrations. At one Rhode Island exhibit a woman showed how patterns for baby clothes should be laid on the material to cut to the best advantage. The proper way of bathing and dressing a baby was frequently shown. Some communities added to the interest of this demonstration by having a live baby for a subject instead of an India rubber one.

One Kansas town had an exhibit in fashioning layettes—old-fashioned ones, with very long dresses and elaborate embroidery, and inexpensive modern ones.

Aside from material of an educational nature, the baby weeks of 1916 produced a little literature.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

NO lengthy discourse of mine on Mothers and Mothers' Day could express so much as the following article, "Kissing Mother," written by Eli Perkins, which I hope will be read by our girls and boys and applied every day in their home life.—Ed.

"Kissing Mother"

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a certain look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured. In those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

"And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet, if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here comes a very puzzled woman to your department, asking your help, though I hardly know how to express my wants.

I live in the average small town; that is, we have our few rich people, a few very poor ones, but the majority are in comfortable circumstances, though all are working people. General conditions are no worse than in a great many small towns and country places but it seems to me they could be improved. Our schools are as good as the average and I think that the parents could take a greater interest in their children and their health than they do. I don't mean by this that they are uncared for or neglected to any material extent and many of my neighbors would be shocked if they even knew my thoughts about them. Isn't there some way for me to awaken them to a sense of their responsibilities without making myself conspicuous or arousing their enmity? At the same time I'm admitting my own ignorance of a great many things and I want more than all else to give my children (I have three) the best possible care.

I know this is a lot to ask of you and the sisters, but it means so much to me—and the children of our community.

Dissatisfied.

Dissatisfied. You couldn't have chosen a better nom de plume. Just think what a commonplace, unprogressive world this would be if everyone were satisfied with things as they are and content to drift on as they had for years with no thought of bettering themselves and conditions. Why don't you get some of the most prominent townspeople interested in a Baby-week Campaign? The U. S. Dept. of Labor, Children's Bureau, has gotten out a very interesting booklet on this which they send on application. In the meantime I'll give you brief extracts that may be of help to you.—Ed.

Baby Week Campaign

Some communities celebrated the whole week; in others baby week lasted one day or three or five days. The seven-day programs usually ran about as follows: Flag Day, Baby Sunday, school day, fathers' day, outing day, visiting day, and

NERINE'S SECOND CHOICE



With a sharp gesture she put Lady Satterlee's soft white fan up across her agonized, whitening face.

Nerine, in her old blue dress, leaning over the bannisters at the head of the stairs.

"I do not think I am the proper person to tell it to you. Good-night."

Maurice gave utterance to a prolonged whistle.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Lispenard, cousin to Kit Belton's mother, marries a Canadian girl. Dying he leaves a widow, two girls, Agatha and Nerine, and one son Maurice. Mrs. Lispenard marries Clarence Mayne, an interloper. At her decease she leaves Clarence Mayne an income until the girls are of age. Lispenard house and money go to the male heir in the direct line. Clarence Mayne goes on a trip to Monte Carlo, Kit Belton comes on a visit, while Maurice Lispenard, denied the education which is his by right, walks from Liverpool, where he is learning to be a mechanical engineer, to be with Kit Belton. Jones, known to Maurice as Lister, is ordered to harness the horses, when they go to see Lord Satterlee in a game of football. Agatha recognizes him. He has attended St. Jude's that he might see her. Maurice invites Lord Satterlee to dine with him. A young maid, not familiar with the house, and suspicious, leaves him in the darkness. He gropes his way to Clarence Mayne's room, where Nerine finds him later. She picks up a fallen table. In a secret drawer she discovers a book with her mother's initials on it. Nerine and Agatha go for a walk meet Lord Satterlee who hopes to see them at the next dance. Returning to Mr. Mayne's rooms the next day Nerine discovers that they are occupied during his absence, and detects a strange woman putting the Lispenard silver in a strong bag. Left alone Nerine substitutes stones and minerals and covers them with her silk skirt. The woman returns, there is a struggle and Nerine falls senseless. Leaving Nerine unconscious, and going to the station with the bag she is met by Jones, who discovers the stones in the place of the silver and hurries the woman away. Returning to the coach-house Jones receives a summons from Maurice, who puts him through a rigid interview. Agatha is suspicious that Mr. Mayne is in the plot. Maurice, with his sisters, calls upon Lady Satterlee who thinks they are alike, yet different. Satterlee admits not knowing one from the other at first. Preparations for the dance go on and Nerine is wildly happy. Lady Satterlee, as hostess, invites the Lispenards and Miss Belton to tea, preparatory to the dance, where Nerine, her heart beating happily, promises Satterlee three extra dances at supper-time, refusing one to Mr. Fairfax, Lady Satterlee's cousin. Dancing one of them, she retires to the dressing-room to arrange her hair. Satterlee, not returning she walks down the passage to another room and indignant at his apparent neglect and the image of Agatha, is about to leave the room when he enters.

CHAPTER XII.

A BLUNDER IN THE DARK.

"O H, you are here?" Satterlee cried joyfully. "I've been looking after a hundred things, and I haven't an instant to spare now; but Fairfax told me you were here by yourself, and I had to, really had to—laughing—come around and speak to you."

"I wasn't waiting for you," she answered, coldly. "Was he not even going to say he was sorry?"

"Oh, I know that you never did as kind a thing as that for me, but I couldn't go on dancing, talking to stupid people, till I had had at least one more with you."

He came nearer, with that look of open joy on his face which was somehow a shock to his silent companion.

"Were you afraid I should be annoyed?" Her voice was grave against her will. Why could she not bring even the ghost of a smile on her lips?

"I did not know; how could I? But you are not annoyed, are you?"

Was she? She turned away slowly instead of answering him, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, looking at the fire. Annoyed? If her heart did not beat so frightfully, perhaps she could tell him.

"I ought to be annoyed," she said, unsteadily. "But you are not?" triumphantly. He was close to her now, and he laid his hand on her shoulder. She could feel it warm and strong through its thin kid glove. "Darling—how soft, how young his voice was—you won't send me away for one minute, will you? I had such hard work to find you at all."

"You were long enough about it."

"I know. Some things I had to see to, and I must go now. But not until you turn your head and look at me."

"It is nearly dark; you could not see me."

"I don't need to, Agatha, darling!" He spoke with suppressed emotion—quietly, tenderly. Agatha!

How she saved herself from giving a tell-tale start, Nerine did not know, but she did so to save herself. She even spoke to him, quite naturally.

"It is not Agatha—it is Nerine." Somehow her lips shaped the words, but, oh! thank heaven for the blessed dark that so nearly hid her face! With a sharp gesture she put Lady Satterlee's soft white fan up across her agonized, whitening face.

So it was Agatha after all. Fool! fool that she was to have ever thought anything else!

"Nerine!"

certain you could always distinguish us," she added, with a smile more brave than merry. "You must think me a beast!" he said, remorsefully. "to keep you waiting so long. But I think I am not quite myself tonight. Agatha, half an hour ago said she would marry me, and I am so happy that I am afraid I have forgotten everything else."

"Agatha said she would marry you!" with mechanical repetition. Her heart did not trouble her now by beating too fast; she almost felt as if it had stopped. For the first time she turned and looked him squarely in the face.

"Then I must congratulate you, for there is nobody in the world so nice and dear as Agatha!" No Lispenard of them all had ever been braver, yet she was thankful again that he could so dimly see her face as he answered her.

"I know. I'm not half good enough for her." "How did you come to imagine she was here?" with a sudden curious desire to turn the knife in the wound.

"I asked Fairfax if he had seen her, and he said she was here. I wanted—awkwardly—just to speak to her for one second, just to make sure that I had not been dreaming."

"And you forgot all about me! Well, I forgive you. I think—with hidden bitterness—that while I have been waiting I have been dreaming myself. It got so dark."

Her lip was trembling now with the strain. Another minute more and she would cry. Not she; time enough for such ludicrous self-abuse when she got home to her bed; there would be plenty of leisure then to realize her humiliation, to see how easily she had deceived herself. Why, whenever she should be in want of amusement, through her lifetime, she would only have to look back and see what a ninny she had made of herself during the past month.

"Come," she said, "let us go and find Agatha." Her voice grew soft as she uttered her sister's name.

Dear Agatha! It had not been her fault, but in spite of herself, the girl's face hardened as she looked at her future brother-in-law. How many times, when talking to her, she wondered, had he been imagining that she was Agatha? Her humiliation turned her cold and sick; the room was close, too, from the smell of the extinguished lamp. With a little imperious motion of her head to Satterlee, which bade him follow, she swept out into the passage.

"Will you dance?" he said, rather meekly, catching up with her, "or come and have some supper?"

Dance! She shivered; perhaps if it had not been for that waltz with him she had not been so near, so horribly near, betraying herself. As for supper, she felt as if she could never eat again; but since one or the other it must be, she would go to supper.

As she entered the crowded supper-room, Lady Satterlee beckoned to her from the far end, where she sat with three or four men waiting on her.

"I thought you were lost," she said, gayly, pushing aside her voluminous skirts to show a chair beside her.

How pale the child looked! What had happened to her pretty color? Too wise to say so, she nodded authoritatively at Fairfax.

"Soup and some champagne, Hughie!" Then she looked at her son. What could Bobby have been doing? Had Nerine refused him? But it took only one glance at his face to make her quite certain that nobody had refused or in any way displeased Bobby.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HUMILIATED MAIDEN.

Nerine looked like an actress who had just finished playing a heavy and exhausting role. If she had been acting, her part was far from being finished. There was the rest of the dance, and they stayed to the very end; there was the long drive home, and, worst of all, there was the getting home.

Arriving at Lispenard House, she raced upstairs in front of the two other girls and banged into her cold bedroom. Would she ever get out of this hateful white satin gown she had been at such pains to procure? Nerine tugged at the hooks and eyes so neatly hidden under her arms. What a blessing that the bodice did not lace and force her to wait for Agatha! She huddled the full skirt and the quaint, big-sleeved bodice into the huge, half-empty wardrobe, grimly glad to get them out of sight. She felt more like her old self when she was wrapped in her shabby old flannel dressing-gown, and pulling the hairpins out of her long, black hair. Presently she would have to talk to Agatha, to Kit; have to echo their raptures over the ball, that festivity of dust and ashes; and there was nothing like brushing out long, thick locks to hide a white and weary face.

She was combing recklessly when Agatha opened the door.

"What! Undressed already?" cried that damsel in languid surprise. "Come along into Kit's room and help me out of my grandeur. Jane has kept up the fire and left hot chocolate on the hob for us."

"Where did she get it?" she asked, unkindly. "Steal it from Mr. Mayne?"

But she moved, brush in hand, to her door; since things must be faced, it might as well be now.

"It's Kit's," Agatha returned. "Do you suppose I would eat Mr. Mayne's things?"

She stepped out into the corridor after Nerine, her white satin skirt held carefully over her arm, and stood transfixed in that draughty passage.

Nerine, in her old blue dressing-gown, was leaning over the bannisters at the head of the stairs, her long hair streaming from her bent head like a witch's. From below came the sound of voices in animated conversation. At the well-known and mingling tones of the second voice, Agatha dropped her carefully-held skirts.

"Mr. Mayne!" For a minute she could say no more. She joined Nerine, where she stood in breathless silence, and the two listened.

It was Mr. Mayne. There was no doubt of that, and he and Maurice were now talking in subdued tones in the lower hall.

"Come by the late train, the sly old dog!" Nerine whispered. "And caught us neatly." She leaned over a little more. "They're beginning to quarrel!" She swept her hair from her face and eyed Agatha fairly. "Don't let us have a row just now—you go down!"

"Me! Oh, I can't," beginning to quake. "You know I never can do anything with Mr. Mayne."

"I can, then," Nerine answered grimly. "Come and get me into my dress, Agatha." And she flew back to her room, twisting up her long, black hair as she went.

It took only a minute to get into her gown, and with the steady light of battle in her eyes she walked down the wide staircase, tall and stately in her fine white frock.

With Agatha's engagement to be announced tomorrow, it would never do to let Mr. Mayne get the upper hand of Maurice tonight. There had been a time when she had quailed before her silken-mannered stepfather, but that was over.

She sailed majestically up to the little, carefully-dressed man who stood by Maurice in the dimly-lighted hall, and was for the first time conscious that she towered over him.

"How do you do?" she said, calmly. "I suppose you were surprised to find us all out."

Surprised! Mr. Mayne put up his eyeglass in wild amazement at the vision of the confident young woman in white satin who had taken the place of his shrinking and serge-clad stepdaughter. He could absolutely find no voice to greet her.

Lady Satterlee took us to her son's dance," she pursued; "but if we had expected you tonight we would have left a message for you."

A message! Mr. Mayne staggered mentally.

"I telegraphed to Jones, therefore my rooms were prepared in spite of your—your extraordinary absence," he said, frostily.

"Yes," she replied, interrogatively and politely, as she seated herself on a stiff oak chair and glanced thoughtfully at her stepfather. "Did Maurice tell you of the—extraordinary thing which happened in this house during your absence?" she questioned, with precisely the same pause as Mr. Mayne's. "And can you explain it?"

Maurice stepped behind Mr. Mayne, a grin slowly dawning on his perturbed face. Good old Nerine! This was more fun than ten balls.

Mayne dropped his eyeglass, and for a minute he was silent. Maurice had told him indeed; so had Jones, and he could explain it only too well.

Was the girl's question an arrow in the dark, or had she found out anything? If she had, it was a black outlook for Clarence Mayne. He choked back the sharp retort on his lips, and spoke airily, as was his wont.

"Even I, my dear Nerine, cannot explain the inexplicable." His voice was not quite so even as he could have wished, and he coughed delicately. "Did you—ah—see the thief?" he asked. "Distinctly, I fancy."

There was for one second an ugly gleam in Mr. Mayne's eyes—only for one second—but the girl saw it, and as he looked quickly away from her she drew in her breath softly.

He is frightened to death! He knows perfectly well who was in his room, she thought, with a flash of insight. "And he will be more frightened before we are done. Your day of small tyranny, my good man, is over in this house."

"I thought Jones might have had something to do with it," Maurice struck in during the pause; "but he swears he hadn't."

Mr. Mayne shook his head with smiling contempt; he had been prepared for this shot.

"Jones is very faithful—to me. I am convinced he had nothing to do with it."

Maurice laughed.

"Poor Jones has been between the devil and the deep sea lately," he said. "But you know more about him than I do, probably."

"Well," said Nerine, quickly, for things looked too much like open war again. "no one will be able to be in your rooms now that you are back. Had you?"—smiling sweetly—"a pleasant journey?"

"Very. A most enjoyable holiday."

If a gun had been fired in Mr. Mayne's ear it could not have caused him a more unpleasant start than did this little indifferent inquiry about his travels. It was a sign of very altered times indeed when Nerine faced him with polite phrases instead of standing before him mute, with downcast eyes, while he made sarcastic comments on her conduct and manners. An uneasiness which had crept over him as he listened to Maurice's story increased hugely at the altered manner of his stepdaughter. He had meant to take a high stand about their lawless doings, about Maurice's being there, and he had been at a white heat of rage at discovering that his emancipated charges had actually gone to a ball. But as he looked at Nerine all his carefully-prepared and looked rebuke somehow came to nothing; it was he, not Nerine, who stood mute.

"Well, we have plenty of news for you if you

have none for us—about the robbery." With a momentary hesitation Nerine rose and went smoothly on. "Come, Maurice, it is time to get to bed. I am tired, and you have to make an early start in the morning."

"You leave, then, in the morning?" Mr. Mayne was relieved.

"Now that you have returned to take charge of my sisters," Maurice answered gravely, and something in his manner, which snatched of increasing years and self-assertion, caused his stepfather a fresh access of that uneasiness.

He would send for Nerine again in the morning and make sure exactly what she had seen; in the meantime should he try to get at what Maurice had meant by that little remark about Jones? He would sleep the better if he knew that that meant nothing.

But it was not fated that his repose should be deepened, for Nerine had touched Maurice on the shoulder, and he was already half way upstairs without even a pretense of saying good night.

"I have more news for you, Mr. Mayne," she said sweetly, "but it will keep till tomorrow. And, besides, I do not think I am the proper person to tell it to you. Good-night." And she was gone up the wide staircase.

Mr. Mayne spoke a rough word to himself in a polite undertone, and retired to his own part of the house. He had played a losing game at Monte Carlo and it seemed that he was doing the same thing here. He hugged the meagre shred of consolation left to him by assuring himself that it was fortunate that things were no worse.

But it was a futile reflection for he was perfectly aware that he had not the least idea of how much was known by the Lispenards about their unpleasant visitor; and Jones, when questioned, gave replies which were those of Job's comforters, and only increased the uncertainty of his master.

"What do you think of him? Do you think he knows who was in his rooms?" Agatha said breathlessly as Nerine gained the up-stairs hall where she and Maurice stood waiting.

"I think he knows all about it," Nerine answered, "and he is terrified about how much we know."

"What news have you to tell him in the morning, and why are you not the proper person?" Maurice asked, curiously. "By Jove! you did manage him well! I could have shouted, 'Well played!' every time."

"News?" said Nerine. Her color faded a little, but she looked bravely at her brother. "Ask Agatha!" she added, significantly; and then with a sudden consciousness of that strange stiffness coming about her mouth which she had felt there once before that night, she put up a swift hand and pulled out the few hairpins which were keeping up her thick hair. It was through that falling veil that she answered Agatha bravely.

"Who told you?"

"Lord Satterlee," gently. "I am so glad you are happy, Agatha!"

Maurice looked sharply at his sisters—one standing pale and beautiful, with her wild hair streaming over her, and the other flushed and confused.

"Don't smirk, Agatha!" he remarked, unkindly. "What does Nerine mean about Satterlee?"

"Tonight he asked me to marry him," Agatha said. "Maurice, you little wretch, how dare you tell me not to smirk?"

Maurice gave utterance to a prolonged whistle. "Good for Satterlee," he said. "But look here, both of you. I always thought it was Nerine he liked."

If Nerine quivered, neither of the other two saw it.

"That is just where you were remarkably out," she observed, with a kind of grim humor, eyes through the fresh flood of shame which covered her at the remembrance of how near she had been to open humiliation tonight. She bent over and kissed her sister's cheek. "Wish her joy, Maurice," she said softly, and vanished into her own room to take off, for the second time that night, the white satin gown in the wearing of which she had had so little joy.

She was in bed and the room was quite dark when Agatha arrived from her conversation with Maurice.

"Are you awake?" she said, cautiously approaching the bed. "I wish you would not have your bath-tub left in the middle of the floor," bumping smartly against it. "Shan't I light a candle?"

"Haven't got one," wearily. "We can talk in the dark, Agatha."

"Oh, yes," replied Agatha, resting herself on the bed.

"Maurice is going in the morning, I hope," Nerine said, feverishly. "His presence here is useless while we are having a fuss about your getting engaged."

"Yes, he's going. Tell me, Nerine, were you surprised when he told you?"

"Who—Maurice?" she replied, artfully.

"No," laughing. "You know what I mean." Nerine twisted her hands hard together in the dark.

"A little surprised," she said, huskily. "I—I didn't know you cared for him."

"You don't mean that you don't think he's nice?" questioned Agatha, anxiously.

Nerine winced.

"No indeed, I think he's charming. I think—there were tears on her cheeks now, but they did not matter in this blessed darkness—"you are a very lucky girl. Oh! if Agatha would only go away and leave her! What should she do if

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

ture of their own, their own art, and even one song. These spontaneous products of a quick sympathy are not things which every community can hope to duplicate. Some of them can be reproduced, however, for the benefit of everyone. Minneapolis sends this verse:

Baby

(Dedicated to "Baby Week.")

Wee mite of pinkness with rosebud face,
The dew of unborn ages on thine eyes,
The heritage of eons, and the prize
Of kings and prelates. At thine elfin grace
Empires fall. Close in her soft embrace,
Madonna-like, the mother sanctifies
Her earthborn babe in slow-eyed, rapt surprise,
Glimpsing in him the slivers of the race.
A wraith, a gem from out the great unknown,
"A little bit of heaven" sent to men
Down through the rifts of blue, a blossom blown
From fields of asphodel beyond our ken,
Perchance the gates of heaven have slipped ajar,
And thou, the Christ-child's gift, hast come afar.
—U. S. Dept. of Labor.

LIPAN, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am interested in letters on child rearing as I have a baby eighteen months old and I want to rear him right. We have never encouraged him in slapping or fighting but he seems to have a natural inclination to slap, and strike with anything he plays with. I have whipped his little hands to make him stop and also taken toys away from him when he strikes with them, but all to no avail. He also has a habit of biting other children when playing with them. These little habits make it very unpleasant for me when in company where there are children. We have tried various suggestions but with no success. I wish the sisters would advise me. What methods of punishment can I use on a child of his age? He is learning to talk and we think he is very sweet. Some people say, "Let him alone, he will outgrow it." But, as the editor says, it doesn't seem right to allow these habits to become so firmly fixed.

I think Bill's letter was good and if all married people would follow her example there would be less cause for regret.

Mrs. Walter Alverson has asked why so many cannot get along with their mothers-in-law. My answer is—the absence of a correct viewpoint from one or both sides. Often the mother-in-law thinks that because her older and has had more experience the daughter-in-law should do just as she thinks best, while the daughter-in-law who has been raised differently cannot yield readily to her opinion. On the other hand the daughter-in-law may be arrogant and inclined to treat the mother-in-law's advice with contempt not realizing that we should always respect the advice of our elders. Each should recognize the other as an individual with a right to her own viewpoint on all matters.

I lived in the same house with my father-in-law and mother-in-law for seven years and during that time there was never a jar or cross word between us. She was a woman who always respected my views, and I respected hers. She was not concerned. She allowed me the privilege of a daughter in household affairs and I always respected her advice and took it on many occasions and I can now see where I was greatly benefited by it. I was miles from my own mother so I looked to her for sympathy and advice and she never failed me. She adopted some of my methods of housework and I adopted some of hers. They are both dead now but I am glad to say I have no regrets in regard to my treatment of either of them. They are greatly missed in our home and we should have despaired indeed if our little golden-haired sunbeam had not been here to cheer us. He was two and one half months old when his grandmother died and our whole attention was turned to him.

We live in the rocky hills of Texas where we raise wheat, oats, corn, maize, cotton and peanuts.

I think every mother should try to make home the most pleasant place for her children. Encourage music, good reading and interesting games. Let them bring their friends home; oversee their games and amusements, taking part when necessary. Be a companion to your children, share their confidences and in times of temptation or trouble they will nearly always come to you. I want to make our home so pleasant that my boy will want to spend most of his time around our cheery hearth.

We take *Holland's Magazine*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Comfort* and we think *Comfort* far the best for the money.

Mrs. H. L. HOLDER.

Mrs. Holder. Children are such imitators that I wouldn't advise slapping your baby's hands, or at least till he is old enough to understand why he is being punished. The chances are that he will stop it of his own sweet will so don't let it worry you; but if any of the sisters have any suggestions to offer we shall be glad to hear from them.—Ed.

FENWICK, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Wasn't it one of COMFORT sisters that suggested raising funds for Uncle Charlie's permanent home? Looks as though he'd enjoy it only in anticipation. It is almost unbelievable that after all this time he has so little money. What is the matter with COMFORT readers any way? If each one gave a penny I'd have six thousand dollars. I'm sure many subscribers have due farms and heavy bank deposits. Write out a check for one thousand and send him. Send it now, Mr. Tightwad, if you never gave anything for the relief of human woe, try it and see how you feel. You will have the greater benefit. Oh, yes, you all love Uncle Charlie, but honeyed words will not buy food, clothes or shelter. Father's hired man once lost a valuable cow. Several men met and expressed sympathy. Father said: "I'm sorry five dollars. How sorry are the rest?" They got him another cow and that is the right kind of pity, one that helps.

"It's possible we may have war with foreign countries; New York and Brooklyn might be burned; Uncle Charlie couldn't flee. Let him have a home in the country safe from invasion, where he can enjoy the bountiful gifts of nature. He has earned more than one hundred thousand dollars. I wish I had a million to send him, for I'd know many other unfortunates would be benefited. If he doesn't get fifty thousand dollars before his next birthday, I'll ask Billy Sunday to give one exhibition of his contortions for the benefit of Uncle Charlie. See if I don't!"

ALICE MANN SANDERLY.

GLOVERVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I would like the remedy for rupture, made of egg. I want to tell you something I thought of. Last year in March I said to myself, "In a few days I will be sixty years old, three score years, and I may live to be three score and ten. I will take a motto and live up to it every day and see what comes of it in the ten years." So I chose "Little Deeds of Kindness," and every evening I wrote in a book every little deed of kindness I had performed during the day. At the end of the year I had such a bulky book that I didn't want anyone to read it so I burned it and this year I am keeping it like this:

January 1, 1917, did 20 acts of kindness. Cost \$—
January 2, 1917, did 12 acts of kindness. Cost \$—
You see, "little deeds of kindness" is better than "big deeds of kindness" because it is impossible to do great things. One good deed to myself, by doing this I am thinking all the time of what I can do for others and it crowds out wanting something done for myself—and it is really casting bread upon the waters. To do as my part and because of this record I do more. One day I returned home about six o'clock. If I had not been keeping this record, after eating my evening meal I would have gone to bed and read myself to sleep, but I was not satisfied with my day so I made haste and called at a home where there are little children and carried some fresh eggs to them. Then I called to see a widow who is an invalid and on the way I walked with a hard-working woman and talked to her in a cheery manner. Then I invited a boy to spend the evening with my family. His mother is dead and he has no one to admire him, particularly as he is deaf. Now these little deeds are appreciated but would not have been done except for my motto. I am telling you all this because I find it is a pleasant way to pass one's time, and because it is more blessed to give than to receive. I feel much more independent than I would if I waited for attentions to be shown me. My time is filled thinking of what attentions I can give.

With many thanks for all the help you have given me in your letters to COMFORT,

Sincerely, Mrs. GREEN.

How to Use Eggs in Cooking

By Mary Harrod Northend

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In making frosting, the white of the egg only is used; mix it stiffly with sugar and use water to soften it.

As a food, eggs, cannot be over-estimated. If the frugal housewife remembers this fact, she will take great care that there is always an abundance in the house. During warm weather, it is a very easy matter as the hen keeps up well supplied with eggs, but in the winter season they become scarce. This fact makes it advisable to lay them down in water glass (can be gotten at the druggist) to meet emergency cases such as this.

In comparing their percentage of nourishment, with other foods, one should bear in mind that they rank next to milk and cheese. In addition to the albumin they contain, one finds fat, phosphate, potash and lime in their composition. One egg is equal to five ounces of fat meat and it is much more easily digested. In its cooking there is no need of sameness, for nothing lends itself to such a great variety of usage as this.

There are so many different and attractive dishes they can be used for, that it is with difficulty one chooses. For breakfast or tea, there are the poached eggs, and the boiled, both of which, if rightly cooked are appetizing, as well as the omelet. Then there are the innumerable uses for eggs in cakes and desserts, and as a rule the more eggs in the recipe the richer the food product. But one serious objection to the liberal use of eggs in cooking at all times is their scarcity and high cost at certain seasons of the year when they become an expensive luxury to people of moderate incomes, and, as a certain gentleman was wont to remark, "they taste too strong of money." At such times one can economize without sacrifice by substituting desserts made with gelatin, and there are recipes for making cake with less eggs by using a pure, high-grade baking powder.

Great care should be taken in the making and baking of custards. The heat of the oven must be considered, for unless moderate it is apt to burn. Far better results are obtained if a shallow tin dish is placed in the oven partly filled with water and into which the cups are set.

If you find they are baking too quickly a cap of white paper will prevent scorching. To properly test as to whether they are done insert the blade of a knife down to the bottom of the cup and if when you bring it up it is dry rest assured it is fit to take from the oven.

Four eggs to a quart of milk, is a rule that brings the best results in the making of this particular dessert. Boiled custards are much smoother if the yolks only are used, although sometimes a little gelatin or corn-starch helps out the thickening. This is an idea to be remembered, when eggs are scarce and bring prohibitive prices. Too much care cannot be taken with the beating. There should be just enough so that the egg proper does not string and one should bear in mind, that over beating has the effect of curdling the custard.

BOILED OR BAKED CUSTARD.—Milk, two cups; eggs, four; sugar, one quarter of a cup; salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful; nutmeg.

Scald the milk, beat the egg until slightly frothy, add sugar, salt and nutmeg, and mix well. Add the scalded milk, slowly stirring all the time, strain the mixture into either a buttered pudding dish or cups, place this in a pan of hot water, this can be steamed or boiled, if the former is desired, the dish or cup, can be placed, in a steamer, over a saucepan containing boiling water, being covered while it cooks. In case of the latter, it can be done in a double boiler. It should be flavored with vanilla.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Chocolate, one quarter of a cake, grated; boiling water, one pint; eggs, four; milk, one quart; sugar, one half cup; vanilla, two teaspoonfuls.

Dissolve the chocolate in the water and stir into the boiling milk letting it stay for three minutes. When nearly cold add the beaten eggs with sugar, saving out one white for frosting. Flavor and pour into a mold. When served it should be decorated with the white of egg, stiffly

For boiled eggs use an egg stand that will hold them while boiling and save danger of breaking when they are taken out.

Mrs. Green. You can't make me believe that you waited till you were nearly sixty years old before you thought of this little-deeds-of-kindness stunt; I think you have been doing these good deeds all your life but maybe just found it out. Don't the sisters agree with me?—Ed.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT nearly twenty-one years and this is my first attempt to pen a line to the best of all papers.

I want to ask the bride of a month, whose letter appeared in December COMFORT if she will not come again and tell us COMFORT sisters how her husband made that glass prism. Give size; does it stand or hang up, and where glass may be obtained; in fact, tell us all about it. I for one would thank her very much.

With best wishes to the COMFORT family.

Mrs. M. F. M.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for over ten years and I enjoy it much but most of all the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's department. I am interested in "Lonely One." If it is possible for you to bear children it is your duty and you will be glad if you do. There is nothing so sweet as a little child. You can surely control your nerves for it is not so nerve racking as you seem to think at least I do not think so. Really the months won't seem so long if you put in your time pleasantly and profitably. Don't worry over anything and do your work as pleasantly and as easily as you can. Fancy work and music are good to help pass the time away. I wish I knew your address, so I could write to you. You might love an orphan dearly but not as you would one of your own. It is one of the sweetest things in the world to hear them say "Mamma." I do not believe in too large a family; but I do think it is every woman's duty to have children, unless it is impossible, and that is a time to trust in God. He will see you through.

I am twenty-seven years old and have a little girl three and one half years old and a dear little boy just a little over a year old. Husband and I think

beaten to which is added a little powdered sugar. SPINACH AND EGGS.—Spinach should be used perfectly fresh, washed in several waters, so that all dirt should be removed. Put in boiling water with a small piece of pork and let it boil quickly for twenty minutes. Season with butter, salt and pepper. Serve it in individual rounds topped with a hard boiled egg.

SPANISH POACHED EGGS.—Have ready an earthen dish large enough to be placed over a moderate fire. For four eggs allow a piece of butter half the size of a small egg. When it is hot, add a tablespoonful of onion, mince very fine and half as much minced parsley. When the onion is yellow and tender break in the eggs slipping them one by one from a flat saucer. Baste with the butter, slip them over as soon as set. Lift to a hot dish with a pancake turner and turn the butter, minced onion and pepper over them. Salt to taste, the butter must never get so hot as to scorch.

OMELET.—Omelets are easy to make and are inexpensive. Beat the whites and yolks separately using three eggs, a half cup of milk, and a



In making cake hit your egg against the side of the dish or else crack it with a knife to break it.

half tablespoonful of butter. Mix yolks, milk, butter, salt and pepper, adding the whites last, folding them in stiffly beaten. The pan must be hot, butter being used, put the omelet in and when it browns underneath the top will be a foamy mass; sometimes it is found advisable to put the pan in the oven to dry the top before folding over, to send to the table. Some cooks claim that water is better to use instead of milk as it makes the omelet more tender. When this is done there should be one tablespoonful to each egg. If you wish a variation a little minced ham, a few spoonfuls of peas or stewed corn can be used, while fruit omelets are simply delicious.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.—Take one cup of sugar, one heaping tablespoonful of flour which has been sifted, grated rind and juice of one lemon, yolks of two eggs, pinch of salt, a cup of milk, pour this into a crust and bake it. This should be frosted with the whites of two eggs, into which a little powdered sugar has been added. This should be ornamented with raisins previously soaked in hot water to swell.

POACHED EGGS.—Poached eggs are so dainty and delicious, that they should be frequently served. Have the water in the pan boiling and salted. An egg-poacher is a great convenience, or muffin rings may be used and an egg dropped into each. This will keep them nicely in shape, as half the art of cooking a poached egg is to keep it perfectly round, without any jagged



Egg-nog is good for the sick and also for the well. Beat the eggs thoroughly before putting them in the glass and mix them with sugar, milk, etc.

edges. A valuable hint when there are no rings at hand, is to stir the water in the pan round and round, in one direction. When going quite swiftly drop the egg and all the white will be drawn round in the whirl and form the egg into a perfect ring. Another idea is to put a very little vinegar into the water, as it has been proven that this assists in keeping the egg nicely in shape. Prepare a slice of butter toast, keeping it hot, remove the egg with a skimmer, drain, slip on the toast, add salt, pepper, and butter to taste and serve immediately.

LIVER AND EGGS.—Take calf's liver, wash it thoroughly and cut it into small pieces, season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and fry in butter. When well browned stir in a tablespoonful of butter and gradually a cup of boiling water, boil until it thickens and serve on a platter, placing on top poached eggs.

POTATO AND EGGS.—Boil potatoes until tender, drain and shake by open door for a minute, this is to make them mealy, mash thoroughly with a potato masher, add a good-sized piece of butter, salt to taste and a cup of milk. Beat well with a large spoon; if they do not seem to get very light, add more butter, and a little more milk. Do not be afraid of adding too much milk. Form them into a mould and serve them with hard-boiled eggs in the center.

they are the best in the world and you mothers, of course, think the same of yours.

I do not believe in divorces unless absolutely necessary. I am in favor of votes for women and will surely vote if ever I get the chance.

I enclose a little verse I love. Good by and God bless you all.

"Only a baby small, dropt from the skies,
Only a laughing face, two sunny eyes,
Only two cherry lips, one chubby nose,
Only two little hands, ten little toes,
Only a golden head, curly and soft,
Only a tongue that wags loudly and oft,
Only a little brain, empty of thought,
Only a little heart troubled with naught,
Only a tender flower sent us to rear,
Only a life to love while we are here,
Only a baby small, never at rest,
Small but how dear to us, God knoweth best."

"Happy Mother."

Happy Mother. All your advice is good and I am sure will be much appreciated by Lonely and for her further benefit I am adding a few words on exercise, which I have taken from Uncle Sam's booklet on Prenatal Care.—Ed.

It should be the invariable practise of every pregnant woman to spend at least two hours of each day in the open air, and as much more as possible. If the weather is pleasant, walking is a valuable form of exercise, if taken leisurely and not continued to the point of weariness. Women who have previously been accustomed to active out-of-door lives should modify their habits sufficiently to avoid fatiguing and dangerous sports; those who have previously led quiet indoor lives will find it wise to begin their open-air exercise very moderately. Easy gardening work is a good form of exercise and diverts the mind agreeably, but it must be merely an amusement, not a compelling task. Pleasant open-air occupations invigorate the muscles, stimulate the sweat glands and other excretory organs, strengthen and restore the nervous tissues, clear the brain, increase the heart action, and send a



Won't Mamma be S'prised?

This isn't a fancy picture. Mamma has gone down town shopping. Nan, Betty and Bobbie are afraid she will not be back in time to make the promised Jell-O dessert for dinner, so they are making it themselves.

As has already been explained in Comfort, Jell-O is so easily made up that a child can do it.

JELL-O

makes up into the most delicious desserts and salads, and, as it costs only ten cents, is coming to be as generally used in small-town and farm homes as in the city, where it is immensely popular.

In every Jell-O package there is a little folder containing rules, suggestions and recipes for making up Jell-O in all possible forms.

There are seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each 10 cents at any grocer's or any general store.

The flavors are pure fruit flavors and the full strength of the flavors is preserved by the air-tight and moisture-proof waxed-paper Safety Bags enclosing the Jell-O inside the cartons.

The price has never changed. It is ten cents to-day just as it has been from the beginning.

The 1917 Jell-O Book is the most beautiful ever issued and it contains more useful information for housewives than any other. Send us your name and address and we will mail you one of the books.



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and
Bridgeport, Ont.

This is the package

greater supply of blood to all parts of the body, thus promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, renewing the mental and moral health, increasing courage and cheerfulness, and finally develop character itself. There is nothing that takes the place of out-of-door life. If the day be cold or stormy enough to preclude going out, a walk may be taken on the porch, or at least in a room with the windows wide open; but in some form or other it should be taken until near the end of pregnancy, when it may become wearisome to the point of real fatigue.

There is a present-day tendency, with the greatly increased interest in sports of all sorts, to forget that a pregnant woman while needing exercise, must conserve her strength and build it up, not tear it down with violent or exhausting forms of activity. Since the majority of women are busy during part of the day with their household duties, and many have more than they can do comfortably, they may often derive greater benefit from sitting quietly out in the fresh air, if the weather is suitable, and resting while they sew, read, or chat. One of the less obvious but equally important results of this out-of-door life is the amount of mental diversion which it affords. The sights and sounds of the open often induce a happy change of view and take the pressure off the overworked nerves even in the presence of genuine cause for worry.

U. S. Dept. of Labor.

BIGSTONE GAP, VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I always like to have at least a vague idea of how a person looks, I will describe myself. I am sixteen years old, have blue eyes, fair complexion, golden-brown hair and weigh—but I will leave that for the sisters to guess.

I live in the pretty town of Bigstone Gap, Va., which has a population of between three and four thousand. The town is situated in a valley between two mountains, and the scenery is beautiful. The climate also is very pleasant now. The right course, we are sure to make mistakes later on.

You have heard the quotation, "A woman makes the home and home makes the man." A beautiful home is not always a beautiful home. I have been walking along with people who would exclaim, "Oh, what a beautiful home!" I have thought at such times, "It may be a beautiful home and it may not be. It is not a home at all, unless perfect love, perfect happiness and perfect peace holds court there. Not a home unless the wife is interested in all of her husband's trials, cares and worries, business success or failure. Sharing each other's joys and sorrows alike. Going hand in hand along life's hard, rugged road, but conscious of a lighter heart because that in all their joys there is someone to share them; in all sorrows, someone to help bear them."

I would be glad to hear from the sisters, especially those living on claims in the West.

Your COMFORT sister, VERDA SPOLES.

JENERA, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

We live in the country three quarters of a mile south of Jenera on a three-acre truck farm. My father is a painter and is busy most of the time. He also does interior finishing and varnishing. I don't think I would like to live in the city. I prefer a small town or village where one can keep a cow, a few chickens and have a garden. Like one of the sisters, I think the city has its advantages but it seems the temptation to do evil is greater there and there is more danger of one becoming a "swell head."

I like to do tatting and other fancy work but I don't spend all my time at it though for I can do housework. My parents believe in teaching us to work and I think they are right. So many mothers do all the housework and let their daughters play or go

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Her Veteran of '98

By Joseph F. Novak

(See front cover illustration)

"You say you are a better soldier; let it appear so; make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well!"
Shakespeare—Othello.

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FLORELLA GIRARD looked up from her book and listened attentively, then satisfied that the oncoming steps were not those of her expected visitor, she tried to resume her reading, but her thoughts wandered from the printed page.

"I hope Captain Edwards will not disappoint us," she mused, as she glanced at the empty porch chair on the other side of the little table at which she sat, under the blue and white striped awning. "Well, perhaps he was delayed, and Spencer said he surely would not disappoint us, so I expect I must wait with patience."

She closed her book, and thumped it down on the little table, then lounged comfortably in her own porch chair. She made a pretty picture as she sat there with the sunlight sparkling in the dew upon the lawn all about her. Her simple, yet elegant gown of white, which gave her an individual style, would have charmed an artist and made him desire to paint the picture she unconsciously posed for.

She was awaiting the coming of her brother's captain, Captain Melvin Edwards, under whom Spencer Girard had served during the Spanish-American War. The town's last veteran of the Civil War had been buried within the last twelve months, therefore Captain Edwards was invited to the Memorial Day Exercises, "to give dignity to the affair," Spencer said.

Spencer, after he was mustered out at the close of the Philippine War in 1902 had lost sight of Melvin Edwards, and it was only a year or so ago that he again met him. The meeting was a mutual pleasure, and Spencer gave Edwards a standing invitation to make his home his whenever he happened to be in Remerton. And since this last meeting, Spencer was never tired of singing the praises of his former captain, telling how he had intended that their friendship should never be broken, but somehow its intimacy had been because of their living in different states. And he again related the stories of the several occasions on which Captain Edwards had saved his life in Philippine skirmishes.

All this, Florella listened to with great interest, for at the time of the Spanish-American War she was a little girl of six, and was now twenty-five. Her brother, Spencer, was thirty-four, and had been a mere boy when he volunteered his services in '98. Florella remembered but vaguely those times, her most vivid impression being of the time when Spencer had kissed her good by, and went away wearing a suit quite different from that he usually wore.

She realized what it meant now, and her esteem for old Captain Edwards grew when she tried to realize what life would have been without her big, merry, teasing brother.

Captain Edwards had been the topic of conversation in the Girard home for some days back, and Florella was content to wait for him this morning after the rest of the family had gone off to the cemetery for the exercises. It would be quite proper since the captain was somewhere near seventy years of age, Spencer said.

That young man would have waited for his old friend, but he was to be very busy that morning at the cemetery, he was slated for a speech, and besides he had an army of young boy scouts to take care of, and in whom he took a great interest. To them he was their hero because of his active participation in the Spanish-American War. "But Captain Edwards would understand," he said, and so he was off quite early.

For some time Florella sat, the wind blowing her soft gown about her beautiful figure, and playing a dreadful game of fascination with those tender wavy strands of her brown hair about her temples. High above her flapped Old Glory, tugging at its ropes with a ceaseless drone as the wind tossed it to the breeze.

And still Florella waited. "I expect he'll be tired and thirsty when he comes. I must get him something to drink. I wonder what? I suppose he drinks highballs and whiskey straight—all old captains do. Well, he won't get any here!" she determined, "but I'll make him some cooling lemonade. That will be better, and I'll allow him the indulgence of brandied cherries, but nothing more! I might get everything ready, while I wait," she continued. "I suppose he smokes. Well, so does Spencer, so I won't deprive the Captain of the luxury."

She got up and went into the house, a stately old place which seemed to rise from a bed of blooming lilac and snowball bushes. A great part of the flowering crowns had been given to the school children to decorate the graves of their heroes who slept in the quiet cemetery on the hill.

Florella secured the ingredients for the concoction, then went to her brother's den and brought out his cigar jar and match case, and put it on the tray with the rest of the things.

"Now, no one can say that I do not know how to appeal to an old man's comfort," she thought, as she surveyed her work. "I wonder, though, why he doesn't come? And being old and feeble, I suppose he'll want to rest before we go to the celebration. In such case, I'm afraid we'll miss it altogether."

She went out on the lawn again, and again tried to interest herself in her novel. But she could not, and every sound made her look up.

"It's odd that the Captain didn't say how he'd come, whether by train or motor," she thought. "Well, I suppose he must continue to wait, and she looked longingly in the direction that the cemetery lay. She could not see it, but she had heard at intervals the liquid notes of a bugle, and could see the big flag waving, a mere pocket handkerchief in the distance."

At that moment, came the soft purr of a motor. It increased in volume until with a roar, a big automobile tore up before the house at breakneck speed, and stopped with a crash.

From it descended a young fellow, bearing, clad in a khaki uniform. He had some sort of decoration on his shoulders, but they passed Florella's observation. He was immensely tall, and didn't look to be more than about twenty-nine or thirty years of age. His eyes were black and snapping, and his hair didn't look as if it had been combed that morning. It was very evident that he had driven bare-headed.

He was examining the house curiously, as a stranger not sure that his directions are correct, then as Florella saw him and started down the lawn, he sprang over the foot high stone slab that formed the fence, and came toward her with all the grace of a gentleman born.

"Beg pardon," he began, "is this Spencer Girard's home?"

"Yes, he lives here, but he is not at home at present. He's gone to the cemetery where they are holding the usual Memorial Day exercises. You can easily find the way there, and ask for Spencer. Anyone will point him out to you."

The soldier looked at her with a rather bold, admiring glance.

"I am a friend of Spencer's. May I suggest that you go with me? Spencer will vouch for me."

"I should like to oblige you," Florella replied, "but it is not possible at this moment. You see, we are expecting Captain Edwards and Spencer has asked me to wait for him here and then take him to the cemetery. The Captain is old and of course it would hardly be generous to him to come and find us all gone. I am certain he will come, for he promised to telegraph if he could not."

"Ah," the soldier breathed. "Then you need wait no longer. I come from Captain Edwards. He is ill—only slightly—but felt unable to make the trip, so I promised to carry his message and regrets to Spencer. I was to drive him here in my machine, you see."

"Oh, I understand. Then we can go at once, for the exercises are well under way. Just a moment, I'll get my things. In the meantime, won't you rest?" and Florella led the way to the reclining porch chairs between which the little wicker table stood.

"I know you are thirsty, so I'll make you some lemonade, if you care for anything so weak."

"Indeed, I should so appreciate it," he replied. She went into the house and brought out her tray, and put it down upon the little table. She felt his brilliant black eyes follow her every movement from the moment she whizzed the seltzer into the glass until she handed the finished beverage to him.

He took it with a grateful, pleased sigh, and drained the glass almost at one sip.

"My, that was good," he said, "and I was so thirsty. And now may I dare this?" and he picked up one of the cigars.

"Certainly," she replied. "They are Spencer's so I expect they're all right. Christmas is long gone."

He smiled, showing his clean white teeth, understanding her reference to the eternal joke of a woman's inability to select cigars. Then he lit the weed and leaned back in the comfortable chair under the flapping canvas shade.

"I don't know but what I'd rather linger here until Spencer returns, but that wouldn't be generous to you. Would you mind lingering a bit? I am tired and sitting at the wheel as I have done since six o'clock this morning is rather a strain, you know."

"I am in no particular hurry," Florella answered, feeling that somehow there was something very boyish and pleasant about the young man, though now as she stole several furtive glances at him, when his eyes were turned from her, she felt that he was considerably older than her first judgment of twenty-nine or thirty years; more likely he was nearer thirty-six. But a man with those laughing features never could appear old, nor would age ever squelch the teasing, sparkling light in his eyes.

"I'm afraid the youngsters will be disappointed when they find that the gray-haired old veteran they expected didn't come," he began, as crossing his feet, one over the other, he exhaled the smoke through his nostrils in a manner very picturesque.

"Perhaps. Of course, we have plenty of veterans of '98, but a Civil War veteran is more interesting, though a bearded, white-haired soldier of '98 would make a very worthy substitute. I think," she smiled at him.

He laughed. It was very true. Have you never met Captain Edwards?"

"No, but I was so anxious. I almost believe I love the old man for he was so extremely kind to me and thoughtful of me. Odd too, when he was so much older—Spencer says the Captain is nearly seventy—but perhaps he had a sort of fatherly feeling for me, and everybody loves my brother! I knew nothing of the Captain until just recently, shortly after Spencer met with his commanding officer, about a year ago. I seem to remember vaguely, that Spencer did mention Captain Edwards after he returned from service in the Philippines, but I was only ten years old then." She smiled at having betrayed a woman's secret, and continued: "Have you figured out my age?" and then without waiting for his reply, she went on:

"Spencer has been recounting to me all the good offices the Captain performed for him. Once when he was mixed up in a scrimmage with the insurgents, Spencer was wounded. Captain Edwards seized a club from the villain who was going to brain Spencer and treated the Philippine to his own medicine. On another occasion, he dragged Spencer from a battle-field to safety, then carried him on his shoulders to the rear. Those are just two instances of the fine things he's done for my brother. 'Now,' and she smiled into the face seen between the thin smoke, so calm and possessed, "do you wonder that I was so anxious to see him? We all owe him a debt of gratitude, and would have made him see it had he come today. Spencer never forgot him, and I'm afraid, much as I dislike to say it, it was the Captain who lost sight of Spencer for Spencer tells me that he wrote several letters which were

returned unclaimed. It seems a bit queer that so old a man should go jaunting about like a soldier of fortune, doesn't it, Mr. —?" she paused, as she, for the first time, discovered that she did not know the name of the stranger before her.

But he supplied it. "Private Turk," he said. "Private Turk?" she repeated, a little puzzled. "You spell it T-u-r-c-k," he informed.

She acknowledged the name, then Private Turk replied:

"The Captain never married, is wealthy in a fair degree, and so devotes a great deal of his time to traveling. That is probably why." He put down the half-smoked cigar and held out his hand to her.

"I know Captain Edwards as well, pretty nearly, as I know myself, and I cannot but offer you my hand and thank you in his name for the high compliments you have paid him. Captain Edwards would indeed, be blessed in the love of such a girl."

He rose as he extended his hand, and as Florella allowed hers to be lost in his, a thrilling sensation pervaded her, such as never before in her life she experienced. She loved Spencer, she loved his teasing manner of caressing her, and kissing her lips, she felt a pleasurable thrill when her hand was clasped by young men of her set on those friendly occasions when a hand-clasp is given, but what magnetism was there in this man's blood that so roused, that so called to hers? What was it that this stranger with the atrocious name of Turk had done in his mere hand-clasp?

But she knew, and knew too well. A fiery blush mantled her cheek, and she was glad that she had her wrap as an excuse for going into the house.

"Oh, why did he come?" she murmured to herself, afraid for herself and her mind's peace.

But she calmed herself, and when she came out of the house again, carrying a cloud of chiffon that was to be service as a wrap, she was able to smile calmly.

"Is the cemetery very distant?" Turk queried, as she reached his side, and they started for the automobile.

"Oh, no, it is a comfortable walk," she returned.

"Then would you mind walking? I'd so much rather, for I've been cramped in that seat all the morning."

"I'm sure I'll not mind," she answered.

"Thank you. Then I'll put my machine in your garage if I may."

She nodded her consent, and he did so, and in a few moments more joined her, and together they slowly sauntered along under the lovely May sunshine which sparkled and reflected in the new green of the trees.

Mr. Turk seemed in no hurry to get to his destination and seemed perfectly satisfied to loiter idly, but at length they turned into the road which ran by the town cemetery which lay in calm peace upon the warm sunny slope of a hill. As they turned into the road, they caught a glimpse of the place, the big flag floating above, while below, spread out on the hill a mass of black, tan and white, which, as they approached, grew into individual boy scouts, white dressed lassies and more soberly garbed grown-ups.

They were suddenly startled by a cry which arose from the cemetery. In a moment more they knew the cause of it, for tearing wildly down the road, a horse came plunging, while upon his back, clinging tenaciously, was its rider.

Florella, terrified, gazed upon the dreadful spectacle, then shrieked:

"Oh, heaven! It's Caprice! How did Spencer lose control of him?"

She could not answer, knowing how careful her brother generally was. As a matter of fact, though, the runaway had been caused simply enough. A large sheet of paper which had been blowing about the cemetery had been carried up by the breeze and flung into the restive broncho's face. He, but recently broken, and still needing careful watching, gave way to fright and the natural impulse to run, and tore madly down the little by-path and into the main road.

Spencer, who had, for a moment, relaxed his usual vigilant care of Caprice, was taken unaware, and was flung back in the saddle losing his equilibrium. His only hope was to cling to the raging horse's back, which he did, clasping

his legs about the trunk, and clinging there, endeavoring all the while to stay of the plunging horse's back, and regain control of him.

Luckily no one was hurt by the horse's mad dash, for Spencer, thoughtful as he always was, had warned the admiring lads away from a too close proximity to the restive Caprice.

And that was how it happened.

At Florella's cry, Mr. Turk's face, which, at the prospect of the oncoming horse, had brightened with excitement, went white for a moment, then he sprang into the road and awaited the horse. Then as the frightened brute drew close, he made one spring, caught the bridle, and lifting himself from his feet, he drew his whole weight on the horse's head. The excited creature, balked, curveting blindly, then Spencer, realizing what had happened, in a moment swung up into the saddle, and grabbed the reins. The horse, now utterly bewildered, rearing up straight on his haunches, while Spencer clung to the reins, when suddenly the strap to which Turk clung snapped, and he was hurled into the ditch at the side of the road.

A major portion of the folk at the cemetery had started after the runaway horse, followed by the squad of boy scouts. They now came up. Spencer slipped from the back of Caprice, and gave him into the charge of a dozen willing hands, and sprang to the side of the figure huddled in the dry ditch.

"Turk, old boy," he cried, with tears in his voice, "Turk, old lad!" He raised him up and leaned him against his knees, and brushed the thick hair from his friend's forehead.

But Mr. Turk had only been stunned, and he now sat up bewilderedly, then smiled, a little vaguely.

"Say, you've got some brute there!" he exclaimed. "Don't you know how to break horses yet?"

His speaking evidently took away most of Spencer's fears, for turning to his squad of boy scouts, he commanded that they take charge of their wounded brother.

The lads did so with a will—it was much more interesting to have a real subject for their ministrations.

"Too bad, boys, that you don't have to carry me off on a stretcher, but I guess I'd be a pretty heavy load. Thanks, nevertheless, and he tried to rise to his feet. But he had given his ankle a nasty wrench, which made walking impossible.

So he was assisted to the back of the now sobered Caprice, and escorted to the Girard home—stead in great state, at the gates of which, the squad lined up and saluted as Mr. Turk went by.

When he was comfortably seated at the little wicker table again and had had his ankle bound up by the boy scouts, who after their attendance, retired to a little distance and set up temporary camp, Spencer came up where Florella and Turk sat. Except for a few slight wrenches which made him wince now and then, Spencer had escaped without injury.

Glancing from his sister to Mr. Turk, he said: "Well, Flo, how do you like this veteran of '98 of mine? The Captain seems to have a penchant for saving my life, doesn't he?"

"Spencer!" and her shriek was so indefinite that the man of thirty-four sprawled out on the grass and kicked up his heels in sheer joy.

"Ye gods," he managed to ejaculate, "is this the awakening? Don't you know that this hero before you is Captain Edwards?"

"No," she returned, prettily petulant, "no, I don't. I think it is dreadful of you, Spencer, to mislead me as you did, and of you, Captain Edwards, not to make yourself known to me, and allow me to say things of you because I thought you were a man of seventy. How could you call yourself 'Private Turk'?"

"Private Turk!" howled Spencer. "We used to call him 'Turk' because once he was dared to snatch the little fez from a Turk's head which he did, though the fellow went after him with a cutlass! And he introduced himself as Private Turk, and you never got wise to these," and he patted the small cross-strap tenderly.

"I think it dreadfully mean of you both," Florella announced, "and I shall not stay here another moment," and she rushed into the house, her cheeks burning.

And indeed, they might. As she recalled her high praises of Melvin Edwards, of her declaration that she believed she loved the man who had been the tried companion of her brother, and now suddenly confused by the thought that the brave captain and the picturesque soldier before her were one and the same, the fact that more than ever now, was she drawn to the captain by a cord of love more than she could at the present, with composure, bear.

As she ran, she heard her brother's pleased laughter, and as it rang in her ears, she felt as if she almost hated him.

She refused to go down to lunch, and it was only in the afternoon, after she saw her brother take the Captain in their auto for a drive about the country that she dared go down-stairs.

She stole out upon the lawn and to a little arbor where she sat in a maze of terror and of joy of what had happened.

She sat there until the sun was beginning to sink toward the horizon.

Suddenly her reverie was disturbed by a boyish voice, which piped up:

"Miss Florella?"

She looked up. It came from one of the boy scouts.

"Yes, my lad?"

"Lieutenant Girard says we could take down the flag this evening, and it's time, but he ain't come yet. May we go and do it without waiting for him? 'Cause it is time to break camp."

"You surely may," she responded, and then as Old Glory floated slowly down from the mast, the boyish figures straightened up and saluted.

Florella watched them, the lads always interested her. Then they saluted her, and marched off, leaving her sitting alone in the dusky sunshine.

As she sat, a figure approached her from the rear, straight and tall, but with a little limp. But so quietly he came that she was unaware of his coming until he was beside her, and had slipped his arm about her waist.

She turned startled, and sought to flee.

"Don't," Captain Edwards said masterfully, but with a tone that thrilled her, and made her want to obey his command, "don't!" "You are not angry, are you?"

The pleading eyes in which she looked seemed to fascinate her with a fascination that was lovely to experience.

"You don't know that I've known you for a long time, from the time Spencer first told me about the little sister of six that he had left behind. I forgot about you after the war—to let you grow up, you see. And then when I met Spencer again, he showed me your picture. I declared you must be his sweetheart, but he assured me the picture was that of his sister. I demanded the supreme test—that he give the picture to me. He did, and that convinced me."

I always carried that picture with me, and took it to my heart, and soon I learned to love the original of it. Spencer knew for I told him. He likes me and is willing to welcome me as a brother if I am fortunate enough in winning you. I believe you said you loved the man who saved that dear, teasing big brother of yours. Perhaps you thought that because you fancied him a fatherly old man. Does the fact that your veteran of '98 is still a fairly young chap, still full of the ideals of life, still a believer in rainbows and air castles, drive that admiration and love from your heart? I couldn't help teasing you—in that Spencer and I are one. Have I a right to hope, Flo? You need not tell me your answer now."

—Baroness Von Huittem.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

My Mother—and Yours

By Mabel S. Keightly

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WHEN we read of the bravery of the titled ladies of Europe who are giving up luxury and comfort to nurse the wounded heroes of today's battlefield, our minds run back to history's great heroines

and with bated breath and straining nerves we review the daring of the maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, who led an army and saved her country; of the sublime courage of gentle Grace Darling, who, in the teeth of a mighty gale, manned a life-boat and rescued many drowning souls; of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of that other great war, who nursed the sick and wounded soldiers, and of the other women who have done their share towards making history, not knowing, rather not realizing, that within our vision, in our very reach is the greatest heroine of them all—Mother! Plain, little, insignificant mother who wears no armor, no badge of distinction, who has no line to her credit in history, no monument to mark her bravery, yet she has toiled and suffered, sacrificed and endured years and years without number.

Mother a heroine! You can hardly grasp it, can you, boys and girls? Yet, one day mother wore pretty dresses—dresses entirely different from the plain dresses of today. There were ruffles and bows and tucks, and perhaps a rose coquettishly nestled in her hair. But that was long years ago—before Mother became a heroine. Those were sweetheart days when she dreamed of the perpetual love-making, the never-ending love-like attention of the man—the one man.

But husbands grow indifferent. They forget to admire the glossy hair, the shining eyes, the new gown. The anniversaries, the birthdays slip by, and oh! the pity of it—the forgotten kiss, the clasp of the hand, the touch of affection. Life becomes so void, but our poor heroines become accustomed to the heartache—the dreams fade away, until—ah! a future is before her—a happy realization breaks upon her—the dreams begin again—something to love and to love her is coming—something to fill the aching void.

It is then our heroine shows her mettle; she accepts her martyrdom—her Gethsemane with a smile. She goes down in the Shadow of the Valley, but she rallies and comes back for us, spent, but smiling, and begins the battle of life once more. The slaving over the sewing-machine that her baby shall look pretty is a joy; the toiling over the washtub and ironing-board that her baby shall be sweet and clean is a pleasure; the bending over the hot stove that her baby shall have proper food and nourishment is a privilege. And so it goes on year after year—the monotony, the drudgery all through babyhood, childhood, school days and until college time is reached, and then comes an extra task—a greater battle. Her boys and girls must not be stunted in the extras the higher grades demand. You must have your tennis shoes—your gym suits, and your pocket-money for the movies, or

the sodas, or the "valentine." Father calls it nonsense—he has long forgotten his romance, but mother never! So mother has to manage for her boys and girls. Did you ever ask how? By cutting down her household expenses, of course, and by sacrificing a new dress or a new hat. Father must not notice the difference in the table fare, so mother bought less and often went without. Do you remember how she used to say she liked the neck of the chicken or the wing? Well, she didn't! She didn't like it any more than you, but she wanted father, or her boys and girls to have the meaty leg or delicious breast. And the pies and cake! You needed a new tie or a hair-ribbon for the school dance, so the pie or cake had to be made smaller, and mother pretended she had grown tired of pastries and went without her share.

And then when diphtheria came and scarlet fever, and father felt he could not afford a nurse, and no one else would come near, who held the cup of cold water to the fever-parched lips? Who rubbed and bathed the poor tired back and fever-tortured skin? Who bent over us day and night and fought away with almost supernatural strength the greatest of enemies—death? Why, mother! My mother—and yours. The heroine who has no line to her credit in history, no monument to mark her bravery, only a day set aside each year for the wearing of a flower, and thank God, you boys and girls, who can wear the red, for only those who must wear the white realize, perhaps, too late, what the word of Mother means. An author once said "Next to God the most beautiful name is mother." It is Mother!—the magic word—the sweetest in the vocabulary of man.

When you grow up, boys and girls, and attain wealth, honor and distinction take no credit—give it to mother. Whether your calling be art, letters, business or the greatest, and most common in life, parenthood, know that you could not have reached the heights had it not been for mother's patience, labor and sacrifice. In you were born her dreams, her hopes, her ambitions; in you was lost the aching void, the disappointment. I speak of the mothers—the real mothers, who made our men and women of today—not the mothers who preferred the fluffy bundle of a poodle dog to the sweet sacredness of a babe; the mothers who left their God-given gifts to the mercy of maid or governess while they listened to plays of sex and problems and immorality—not those women, boys and girls, but mothers like ours—my mother and yours.

"It's a wonderful thing, a mother; Other folks can love you, but only your mother understands."

She works for you, looks after you, Loves you, forgives you anything you may do, Understands you, and then The only thing bad she ever does to you Is to die and leave you."

—Baroness Von Huittem.

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I AM writing this on March 6th, and the red flames of war are hovering over the shores of the land we are supposed to love, and love it so well that we don't want to do anything to defend it. Not even the threat of bloodshed and national extinction, so far as I can see, can bring our people to their senses. The navy is our first line of defense, in fact our only line, for we have practically no army, and our navy is terribly short of both men and munitions.

In this great crisis when all should be doing their best to make our land secure, first by speeding up construction work on the navy, the men in the Brooklyn Navy yard refused to work overtime. A few miles from my home in Far Rockaway, a huge fort is sadly needed for the defense of New York. An enemy fleet from this point could in a few hours shell this great city off the map. Instead of welcoming the fort the Rockaway people are protesting that the construction of the guns will destroy their bric-a-brac and jar the pictures from their walls. They don't want the fort and swear they won't have it. That fort may be the Verdun of America, but the poor benighted idiots can't see it that way. It is the present only for them, for the future they care not.

Out of five hundred boys in a Brooklyn school all but sixty-six refused to learn setting up military exercises. The parents of these boys are foreign born. They want the advantages of citizenship, but will have none of its responsibilities. In spite of what we have suffered in the past from raw levies and "armies" that were mere mobs of half drilled men, the Senate is talking of having half a million young men trained yearly for six months, and this in spite of the fact that the war has proved that a soldier capable of facing poison gas and heavy artillery fire cannot be made in less than a year or a year and a half. To send green troops against seasoned veterans is murder. Such an army would be worse than worthless. Washington protested against this very thing but it was useless. Congress was just as deaf to reason and sense then as it is now.

Congress has made no attempt whatsoever to give this nation an adequate second line of defense, and has actually adjourned without even voting a dollar of the two hundred and seventy millions needed for military protection. We are to rely on the National Guard, which without a year or more of intensive training under regular army officers, under war conditions, would be practically useless and worthless. The Mexican border fiasco proved all over again what has been demonstrated scores of times all through our history, the utter futility of the volunteer system for raising efficient troops.

In the Revolutionary war the volunteer system nearly lost us our freedom. It was so inefficient that Washington was never able to muster a force larger than one seventieth part of the force enlisted. In 1812 it was even worse. On land at least the war was a disgraceful fiasco, and our Congress was then just as disgracefully and insanely dilatory and foolish as the one we are afflicted with at present. During the latter part of 1813 and for some months of 1814, a British force of 3,000 men and a British fleet lay in Chesapeake Bay, within a few hours of Washington. During that entire time neither Congress nor the President took a single step to put the capital in a state of defense. Not until two days before a clash came was anything done. You know what happened. Just fifteen hundred British troops defeated a much larger force of our raw levies and burned our capitol. In that war we enlisted the enormous number of 395,000 men, but the greatest effective force we ever got together was but 3,000 men. In the war of the Revolution, which nearly broke poor Washington's heart, 527,000 men were enlisted, and yet the largest effective force ever assembled at one time and at one spot was at Saratoga—a beggarly five or six thousand men.

In the second Seminole war, we, a nation of 17,000,000, enlisted 60,000 volunteers to lick 1,200 Indians. General Scott asked for only 3,000 trained troops as the volunteers were practically useless. Congress got mad and fired Scott for his impertinence. This war lingered on for seven years and cost \$69,000,000, an enormous sum in those days, and all due to political meddling and incapacity.

Our untrained or half trained citizen soldiery, or militia, have won but two battles in all our history, and they have mutilated thirteen times and deserted and run away eighteen times. The first year of the Civil War our government trusted as usual to volunteers and militia. What was the result? During 1861 we enlisted and paid for 669,000 men, but could only put 28,500 men in the field at Bull Run, and most of them didn't stop running until they'd reached the Potomac twenty-five miles away. In the last years of the war the volunteers who stuck to their jobs were the finest troops in the world, and the American makes the finest soldier on earth if you give him lots of time to train and get fit, but it is doubtful if Congress will ever do that. We shall try and muddle through British fashion, and see our untrained boys, tens of thousands of them offered as a sacrifice on the bloody altars of stupidity, political inefficiency and short-sightedness and probably lose our liberty and country into the bargain. We gamble with fate and learn nothing from the past.

When we mobilized the National Guard recently 47,657 men had to be dropped on account of physical disability; 128,000 went to the border and of these 60,000 had had no military training. 59,813 had never fired a gun, and only 37 out of every hundred when the call came were fit to be mustered into service. We have 152 twelve-inch guns for coast defense without a soul to handle and fire them, and a host of other guns of big caliber without gunners or officers to operate them. The great 18-inch gun for the defense of the Panama Canal lay neglected on the beach for ten long years. Thirteen years after the gun was tested and ready to be sent to Panama, no carriage had been designed or constructed for it.

George Washington said: "If I was called upon to declare upon oath whether the militia had been most servicable or hurtful, upon the whole I should subscribe to the latter."

These are a few of the facts that they don't put in school histories—unfortunately it is the perusal of these fool histories that makes us such a nation of self-satisfied, complacent idiots when it comes to matters of national defense.

Henry Ford after doing his best to lull the people into a sense of false security by telling them that the only way to be secure was to be helpless, is now rushing to Washington, offering to place his plant and his fortune at the service of the government for national defense. It is always thus. When real danger arrives the dreamers come out of the clouds. If the government has any respect for itself it will tell Mr. Ford to go to the woods until the war is over. There are some actions that cannot be atoned for and the preaching the doctrine of national helplessness is one of these. Another bunch of idiots are talking about a war referendum.

While we were fooling around and casting a vote as to whether or not we would protect our homes, the enemy would be on our shores tearing us to pieces. The idea that no one could invade this country is childish piffle. Our military and naval men know it can be done, and what is more they have seen some of the plans which have been worked out by various foreign powers who are ready to do the job. There is no time for a referendum; we must act and act quickly in self defense if we are to continue a free people.

In the present stage of our development in a national crisis it is far better to have a few expert minds direct the course of the ship of state than to allow millions to butt in who don't know a ship of state from a hole in the ground, and who might and probably would by voting for peace sign this nation's death warrant, and pull the whole structure of our painfully reared civilization down about our ears, with the same delight and abandon that a child demolishes his structure of wooden blocks. There are plenty of splendid men in this country but you would not send them to Congress if you had the chance. Most of the men you send to Congress couldn't run a peanut wagon. However, a few capable men, more by luck than judgment, do get sent to Washington and it is in the hands of these men and our President that we must leave the issues of peace or war. Too many cooks spoil the broth and if the masses of the people butt in they'll spoil not only the broth but the kettle as well. When you run a ship you have one man at the helm and it is the captain who gives orders. He does not ask the passengers in what direction he shall steer, and when the ship is in peril and in danger, he does not take a vote or ask those who have committed their lives to his care what he shall do. His training and experience have fitted him for his work. They have fitted him to meet grave dangers. He may make an error of judgment but he is a thousand times less liable to err than the untrained mob that he has aboard his vessel. Thank God for Washington, thank God for Lincoln, and I hope in the years to come we shall be able to say thank God for Wilson. I thank God for Washington and for Lincoln, not because they kept us out of war, but because they dared to engage us in war when war alone could save us. There are times when a surgeon must apply the knife, when the knife alone can preserve life and stave off inevitable death. If the patient declines an operation and wants to die that is up to him. We cannot however, allow this nation to die through the short-sightedness, the imbecility and stupidity of its individual units. I say stupidity of its units for the vast majority of the American people have got the crazy idea in their heads that if they don't want or wish for a thing they don't have to have it. This crazy notion is due to fifty years of peace and listening to the prattle of fool pacifists and cloud-dwelling dreamers and the Fords and the Bryans, and the folly of relying for protection on our geographical isolation, an isolation which no longer exists, now that we have Mexico plotting on our border, and the Kaiser has gone into the real estate business and has offered New Mexico, Texas and Arizona to Mexico, and has California up his sleeve as a bribe for the Japs to war upon us. If you don't want your country dismembered and hit on three sides at once, you'd better quit fooling and do some hustling. The ballot box is a very wonderful thing but it has its limitations. You can't vote away war, nor wish away disease or death. We are all pretty expert at these things. We owe a duty to ourselves and civilization, and the only worth-while motto for worth-while humanity is and must ever be, not safety first, but duty first, not peace first, but righteousness first. This country would not vote to uphold such a doctrine, because as Admiral Fiske truly says: "The people are not the people they were fifty years ago. They have become flabby, soft, luxury loving, and worst of all, feminized."

That doctrine, duty first however, must be upheld, even if it costs every life this nation has to give. The few able, intelligent and patriotic men in charge of the destinies of this nation realize that fact, and it is they who will decide for us what part we are to play in order that government of, for and by the people shall not perish from the earth, and that governments can only exist by consent of the governed, and that life, liberty, freedom and happiness shall be the common heritage of mankind, and that the peace of the world shall not be disturbed every generation or so by the insane ambitions of sacrilegious fanatical parasites called kings, emperors, kaisers and czars. We must stand shoulder to shoulder in this great world crisis and put ease and softness away from us. Better that we go down to death and destruction, better we be crucified on the cross of righteousness and duty, and sacrifice this nation on the altar of freedom and liberty, than live like worms in the dust, quivering in terror beneath the heel of bloody military tyrants. Neither tyrants without nor traitors within must swerve us from our course. We are where we are today only because we dared to be strong, dared to be Daniels (no reference here to any weak navy Daniels of the Josephus variety) and stand for what was right. Remember if Ford and Bryan are right, then Lincoln and Washington were wrong. Let every man do his bit as they have done in Europe. Remember this is not a case of going to war, for we have been at war—the whole world has been at war—for nearly three years. When hundreds of Americans are sent to their deaths without warning, men, women and children, that is war no matter what the cowardly pacifists and the copperhead pussyfooters and other feeble-minded lunatics of that type may say. Once again stand together and remember



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for we must be all Americans now, that those who are not for us are against us.

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And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As we have never written to you before, we hope you will print this letter before Billy the Goat gets it. We go to a country school and are in the sixth and eighth grades. Say, Uncle, what is your opinion on education higher than the eighth grade? We do not like school days as we have such nice times in the summer time, horseback riding, swimming, hunting and rowing. We gather all sorts of wild fruits around here. Our ponies names are Chubby and Kate. We have a camp dinner lots of times. We are thirteen years of age and we play with dolls and pay no attention to boys.

Your nieces, DOROTHY and ROSALIE.

I thoroughly dislike printing letters of people who do not give their names and addresses, but once in a while one of these letters contains a topic that is so worth while discussing that I just have to break a rule that is laid down by nearly all publications—never to print anonymous letters. Dorothy and Rosalie say they do not like school days. Tens of thousands of children regard education, books and schooling as inventions of the devil. They think these precious things were brought into existence to torture them and mar their childhood. I know this is a fact for as a child I held very similar ideas to Dorothy and Rosalie. There were days when the ringing of that old school bell aroused feelings of fierce resentment in my breast. I did not want to study or work, I wanted to play and dream, and only because, though surrounded by excellent teachers, graduates of great universities, not one ever had the sense to study me and get behind my thoughts and viewpoint and put this whole matter of education up to me in the right light. Instead of wasting half the time I was at school, wasting the money my hard-working father was lavishly spending to give me a chance to make good in the world, I would have improved every minute had someone

talked to me as I am now going to talk to these two children, Dorothy and Rosalie. There is work to be done in this world and someone has to do it. You are not going to be allowed to push your share of that work on to some other fellow or some other girl. God expects everyone of us to do our best while we are on this earth, and we can't do our best until the brain, that wonderful organism wherein lies soul, consciousness, character and the germs of everything worth while, has been sown with the seeds of knowledge. If we didn't plow the fields, fertilize the soil, sow the seed, there would be no crops, no harvest. It is just the same with the brain; the soil is there, and though in some heads the soil is better than in others, without education, without careful sowing and fertilizing there can be no worth-while harvest. In Europe by intensified cultivation of the soil they produce twice as much wheat to the acre as we do, and the brain, if it is properly cultivated, will produce a harvest of culture and knowledge several times greater than will the brain that has been merely scratched over or not touched at all. Education to the body is what coal is to the locomotive. It generates the steam which drives the engine. The more steam we put on the bigger the load we can pull, the steeper the grades we can climb, the longer the distance we can go. Now if you waste your youth, waste precious hours in idleness which should be devoted to acquiring knowledge and brain cultivation, you are going to get very little out of life, for we only get out of life what we put into it. We cannot reap unless we sow. We cannot sow the seeds of idleness and reap the fruit of industry. Knowledge and education mean power. They are like the gas in the balloon which enables it to rise to wonderful heights from which we look out upon all the world. The more gas we can put into the balloon the greater our ability to soar and the greater our ability to see, comprehend and grasp. Knowledge gives us the power to grasp, comprehend and visualize things that dull ignorance can never see or imagine. If you do not use your brain you must become the slave, the servant, the hireling of the man who does use his brain. If you overload the stomach you get indigestion, but you never get mental indigestion for the more the brain absorbs the more it cries out for. Now Dorothy and Rosalie you do not know what the future holds for you but it will hold very little, I can tell you that, if you are content to stop at the eighth grade or do not reach even that commonplace goal on the golden highway of knowledge. It does not matter what line of work you take up you will be able to do that work all the better if every cell in your brain is working to full capacity. Ignorance ties us to the earth just as a ball and chain confines a prisoner to one spot. If the prisoner moves he can only do so with great effort. Knowledge severs the chain of ignorance and fills the mind with a golden currency that no robber can steal and no panic or disaster can dissipate. Some day you two girls may fall in love with educated men and then if you are poorly educated you never can be fit companions for these men, and do not be surprised if they soon weary of your society, for not even love can supply a magic ground on which ignorance and knowledge can meet and be perfectly happy. Cultivate your brain, apply yourself to your studies and there is simply no limit to the peaceful worlds you can conquer. Whatever of good there is in the world is the result of knowledge, whatever of evil there is in the world is the result of lack of knowledge. When men who have knowledge and culture sin and do wrong it is not because they haven't the right kind of culture and the proper kind of knowledge. We can hide sin, crime and vice, but no one can hide ignorance. Directly a person opens his mouth, we have his number. On the education of the people of this or any country, the fate of that country depends. Some day, Dorothy and Rosalie, you may aspire to be authors, poets, engineers, architects, lawyers, doctors, preachers, scientists.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

key hanging on a concealed nail for fear of burglars; and Edith, knowing this, did not once think of attempting to go out that way.

While she sat by the window, trying to think of some way out of her difficulties, her attention was attracted by the peculiar movements of a woman on the opposite side of the street—it was the side street leading through to Beacon.

She was of medium height, richly clad in a long seal garment, but heavily veiled, and she was leading a little child, or two or three years, by the hand.

But for her strange behavior, Edith would have simply thought her to be some young mother, who was giving her little one an airing on that pleasant winter afternoon. She appeared very anxious to shun observation, dropping her head whenever any one passed her, and sometimes turning abruptly around to avoid the gaze of the curious.

She never entirely passed the house but, walked back and forth again and again from the corner to a point opposite the area door near the rear of the dwelling, while she eagerly scanned every window, as if seeking for a glimpse of some one whom she knew. Moreover, from time to time, her eyes appeared to rest curiously upon Edith, whom she could plainly perceive at her post above.

For nearly half an hour she kept this up; then, suddenly crossing the street, disappeared within the area entrance to the house, greatly to the surprise of our fair heroine.

"How very strange!" Edith remarked, in astonishment. "She is certainly too richly clad to be the friend of any of the servants, and if she desires to see Mrs. Goddard, why did she not go to the front entrance and ring?"

While she was pondering the singular incident, she saw the gas-man emerge from the same door, and pass down the street toward another house; then her mind reverted again to her own precarious situation, and she forgot about the intruder and her child below.

The house was very still—there was not even a servant moving about to disturb the almost uncanny silence that reigned throughout it. It was Thursday, and Edith knew that the housemaid and cook's assistant were to have that afternoon out, which, doubtless, accounted in a measure for the unusual quiet.

But this very fact she knew would only serve to make any movement on her part all the more noticeable, and while she was wondering how she should manage her escape before the return of Mrs. Goddard, a slight noise behind her suddenly warned her of the presence of another in the room.

She turned quickly, and a low cry of surprise broke from her as she saw standing, just inside the door, the very woman whom, a few moments before she had seen disappear within the area door of the house.

She was now holding her child in her arms and regarding Edith through her veil with a look of fire and hatred that made the girl's flesh creep with a sense of horror.

Putting the little one down on the floor, she braced herself against the door and remarked, with a bitter sneer, but in a rich, musical voice, and with a foreign accent:

"Without doubt I am in the presence of Madame Correlli."

Edith flushed crimson at her words.

"I—I do not understand you," she faltered, filled with surprise and dismay at being thus addressed by the veiled stranger.

"I wish to see Madame Correlli," the woman remarked in an impatient and bitter tone. "I am sure I am not mistaken addressing you thus."

"Yes, you are mistaken—there is no such person," Edith boldly replied, determined that she would never consult herself by responding to that hated name.

"Are you not the girl whose name was Edith Allen?" demanded her companion, sharply.

"My name is Edith Allen—"

She checked herself suddenly, for she had unwittingly come near uttering the rest of it. She went a step or two nearer the woman, trying to distinguish her features, which were so shadowed by the veil she wore that she could not tell how she looked.

"Ah! so you will admit your identity, but you will not confess to the name by which I have addressed you. Why?" demanded the unknown visitor, with a sneer.

"Because I do not choose," said Edith. "Who are you, and why have you forced yourself upon me thus?"

"And will you also deny this?" cried the stranger, in tones of repressed passion, but ignoring the girl's questions, as she pulled a paper from her pocket and thrust under her eyes a notice of the marriage at Wyoming.

Edith grew pale at the sight of it, when the other, quick to observe it, laughed softly but derisively.

"Ah no; you cannot deny that you were married to Emil Correlli, only the night before last, in the presence of many, many people," she said,

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss June will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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THE sign Gemini (*The Twins*) influences all persons born between the 20th of May and the 21st of June. Their ideas are expressed through the work of their arms and hands. Artists and skilled mechanics belong to this great realm, and they are likewise successful in educational pursuits along these lines. They inherit a restless tendency and therefore must guard



QUEEN OF THE MAY.

against dissatisfaction and imaginary grievances, else they are likely to abandon what they have long worked for, on the eve of attainment. They are industrious, and if an even tenor of mind can be maintained, their activities will yield profitable returns.

A man born under this sign should marry a woman of strong mind, who will appreciate the husband's ability and give him much encouragement in his purposeful efforts.

Children born under this sign must be well educated, as education develops continuity of thought. The mental and physical training should be well balanced, for they will be vivacious and given to extremes, and nervous disturbances may develop. They require regular periods of rest and should not be permitted to associate with excitable playmates. These natures con-

tain splendid material for the development of useful men and women, if properly handled in childhood.

Women born under this sign are lovers of knowledge and active in its pursuit. They should marry men of cheerful, optimistic temperament, for if misnamed their natural state of anxiety will weaken life's forces and destroy its brightness. "Anxiety is the rust of life."

May Birth-stone is the Emerald Symbol of Immortality

"On the imagination God sometimes paints, by dream or symbol, the likeness of things to come."

How shall the great thought of immortality be associated with the daily life, and what suggestion does its symbol, the emerald, carry? To be never satisfied with a day that does not develop in ourselves a strengthened desire for right living, that its influence may be everlasting, seems a fitting answer. Faith in the everlasting, the immortal, and eternal, is the great hope of life; and is it any stranger that we should live forever, than that we live at all? If we look steadfastly at eternity, we find there is something within us that feels, desires and hopes, and which gives moment and weight to all our acts.

There is a beautiful tribute to love and hope in the following, by Keats: "I long to believe in immortality. . . . If I am destined to be happy with you here—how short is the longest life. I wish to believe in immortality—I wish to live with you forever."

Even though the emerald bears no supernatural charm, well may it exert a benign influence over those who wear it as a birth-stone if it serves as a continual reminder and inspiration to cast aside the frivolities, resist temptation and aspire ever to strengthen in themselves the virtues that make for true happiness in this life and the life everlasting.

How to Make a Queen of the May

Fresh flowers, crepe paper, and a doll are the materials used in making this Queen of the May. In New England, the May-flower or trailing arbutus is in bloom, and very old indeed is the custom there to go in search of May-flowers on the first day of May. In fact, it is the occasion of a holiday in some places, when the schools are closed, and with lunch baskets both teachers and scholars hie them to wood and pasture. It is there that many a Queen of the May is decorated with this sweet-scented trailing flower, and all is youth, laughter and joy.

The lilac is sweetest at night in May, and the primrose, wood violets, and many other spring flowers are in blossom, so it will not be difficult to find fresh decorations.

Shape a waist and skirt of pale green crepe paper, and a pointed girdle of violet color. The hair has a wreath of trailing arbutus around it and the fan-wand is made of paper and flowers interlaced.

to question me in such a dictatorial manner?" "Ha, ha, ha!" The mirthless laugh was scarcely audible, but it was replete with a bitterness that made Edith shiver with a nameless horror. "Who am I, indeed? Let me assure you that I am one who would never take the stand that you have just taken; who would never refuse to be known as the wife of Emil Correlli, or to be called by his name if I could but have the right to such a position. Look at me!" she commanded, tearing the veil from her face. "We have met before."

Edith beheld her, and was amazed, for it needed but a glance to show her that she was the girl who had accosted Emil Correlli on the street that afternoon when he had overtaken and walked home with her after the singular accident and encounter with Mrs. Stewart.

"Aha! and so you know me," the girl went on—for she could not have been a day older than Edith herself, although there were lines of care and suffering upon her brilliant face—seeking the look of recognition in her eyes; "you remember how I confronted him that day when he was walking with you."

"Yes, I remember; but—"

"But that does not tell you who—or what I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



The Penalty of Corns

No need now to waste time soaking your feet so often. Nor run the risk of paring.

BLUE-JAY plasters have ended millions of corns. This very night thousands of people will say goodbye to painful corns forever. Touchy corns are needless, even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay plaster, with its healing wax, is applied in a jiffy. No soreness, no inconvenience. The pain is not temporarily eased, as with paring. There is no danger, as with harsh liquids. Decide to join the happy crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns
15c and 25c at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Crumbs of Comfort

Kind words won't feed a cat.
What greater crime than loss of time?
The Devil goes to church with the saints.
As soon as a man is born he begins to die.
Being useful is better than being beautiful.
True patriotism is not always loud-mouthed.
The best stand guilty at the bar of perfection.
It's a dangerous business to dig pits for other folks.
Life is long enough for those who know how to use it.
There is something of woman in everything that pleases.
Love is a disease that kills only those whose time has come.

There is but one kind of love, but there are a million opinions of it.

Flattery is like counterfeit money which impoverishes those who receive it.

To swear to love always is to affirm that two beings essentially changeable will never change.

There are women so hard to please that it seems as if nothing but an angel will please them; hence they often meet with devils.

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JUNE COMFORT

Don't miss the fine June issue. If the number over your name on the wrapper on this paper is 344, or any less number, it means that your subscription must be renewed at once if you don't want to miss June COMFORT.

Our subscription price has got to be raised to meet the largely increased cost of print paper and rapidly advancing war prices of all materials.

This may be your last chance to renew or extend your subscription at the present special, low renewal rate.

Some Special Features for June

"Darling Sue" A touching romance of the Arizona frontier in which the chief actors are a determined woman, a winsome little child and a chivalrous bandit.	"The Pumpkin Hood" True story of thrilling adventure in aiding a runaway slave to escape her pursuers, revealing the methods of the "Underground Railroad."
"In the Vegetable Kingdom" Tells the food value of vegetables and how to cook and serve them in a variety of palatable styles for a wholesome and varied diet.	"Why Sunburn Is Healthy" A valuable and instructive article by Dr. Hughes, telling what sunburn or tan is, and why you should consult a doctor if you don't tan.

Send 30 cents today to renew your subscription two full years. If you want the Comfort Home Album send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the Album. Even if your subscription is paid some months ahead, renew now at special low renewal rate and we will extend your subscription two full years beyond date of expiration. Use the coupon below.

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May, 1917.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1916.

State of Maine, ss.
County of Kennebec, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Incorporated), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine; Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine; Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Sadie H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT, Bus. Mgr.,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1917.
(My commission expires February, 1922.)
(NOTARIAL SEAL) FRANK E. SMITH,
Notary Public

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Your Individual Perfume

A WOMAN sat down by me, the other day, in a crowded car, so heavily perfumed that I was finally obliged to change my seat. Isn't it funny, girls, that some people seem to think that because a rose smells sweet in a garden, all they have to do to please to other people is to sprinkle their clothes with the concentrated essence of hundreds of roses.

This is all wrong! Do you know—but of course you do—that any suggestion of heavy perfume is considered very ill-bred indeed? It suggests an attempt to conceal objectionable odors, and of course the dainty woman is as fresh and sweet at all times as a daisy bath, or better still a morning and evening bath, can make her.

You must be careful that the body never carries with it an odor. In summer-time, the armpits should receive constant attention. Scrub them with a brush and hot soapy water when you take your body bath night and morning, and don't neglect to give them additional attention with washcloth and borax water several other times a day.

If the feet are subject to perspiration, they also need special care and fresh hose at least a couple of times a day. It's not much trouble to rinse out a pair of stockings if your supply runs short.

But let's stop talking about objectionable odors, and see how we can utilize the sweet fragrant ones that come in bottles and jars from our druggists and department stores.

First, you should choose some one particular perfume for your very own. If you are a young



IN USING PERFUMED OILS PUT A DROP BEHIND EACH EAR.

girl, very, very delicate odors should be chosen—scents which suggest springtime—violet, apple blossom, cherry blossom, etc. If an older woman, select odors like rose or mignonette. Very heavy perfumes, like tuberose, lily of the valley, heliotrope, should rarely be chosen as one's favorite perfume, although a touch of any may be added to some other more delicate perfume to produce an individual blend, as it is called.

Use your perfume in the form of sachet powder to fill flat sachets lining your dresser drawers, small sachets to scatter among your folded lingerie, and to tie to the dress hangers in your closet. Liquid perfume should be gotten in the heavy essences—and used just one tiny drop behind each ear. Choose a face powder which has the same fragrance as your sachet powder and perfume.

Toilet water can be used in an atomizer and sprayed on the hands after bathing. Do not perfume the body, except by dusting with a perfumed talcum, the fragrance of which soon passes away except as the merest faint suggestion.

Do not use liquid perfume on your handkerchiefs, but keep them in a box lined with sachet pads.

In this way, you will suggest a very, very faint fragrance when you enter a room, yet one will scarcely connect it with perfume. You will seem always dainty, sweet, natural, while the use of much perfume suggests coarseness, materiality, and a lack of fine delicacy.

Will you remember, girls?

Answers to Questions

C. H.—Practice the two exercises given to "Blanche" in last month's COMFORT. Vigorous exercise with the arms will help to reduce the bust all ways. If you would play tennis or row or swim, your bust would show the difference in a very short time. Perspiration breaks down the tissues and wears them away, so if you will cut a piece of single-faced rubber sheeting wide enough to amply cover the bust and long enough to wrap around the body, and bind it firmly over bust, carrying it around the back, and fastening firmly in place with strips of adhesive plaster which you can buy at the drug-store in little rolls an inch wide, your bust will soon be somewhat reduced by the perspiration induced. You will have to wear the sheeting constantly for a time, bound very firmly to you.

Miss A. B.—I presume you mean a formula for making the hair duffy. If you will add a piece of washing soda about the size of your thumbnail to the soap and water in which you shampoo your hair once in three weeks, it will help to make the hair duffy. Your soap and water should consist of a small cake of Castile soap shaved into a quart of boiling water and dissolved over the fire.

A Comfort Lover.—No, my dear, there is no way to make your feet shorter, but as you are only thirteen years old you have a long way to grow up yet, and your feet will not be too large for the rest of your body when you are older. Lots of people wear a No. 6 shoe—I do, myself, if that is any comfort to you, and really my feet are quite good to look at! Keep your shoes well taken care of, cleaned and polished or whitened, as the case may be, and wear trim, neatly fitting hose, see that your heels are not run over and that your shoes button or lace trimly about the ankle, and you will realize, before long, that you have a very good foot indeed.

Peggy.—You no doubt saw the formula for the salicylic acid treatment for moles in the last issue of COMFORT. Your letter came after that was ready to print. I'm always glad to answer questions from my readers.

May G.—Do not use carbolic acid on your facial skin! A good face bleach is made by mixing the white of one egg (unbeaten) with one ounce of strained honey and fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin. To this add enough ground barley to make a paste you can spread. At night smear the face thickly with this and the over it a thin cheese-cloth mask with holes for eyes, nose and mouth. In the morning, wash the face in warm, soapy water and be sure to get every particle of the paste off. Take this several nights, and you will note a great improvement in your skin. Form the practice, also, of drinking the juice of a lemon or half a lemon in a glass of cool water each morning before breakfast. This is good to keep the skin clear. As to your other question, see

the exercises given "Peg" in the last issue of COMFORT.

Mrs. E. T.—Don't put any tonics on your little girl's scalp. A child's scalp is very sensitive. What she needs is attention to her general health. Perhaps she is thin for her age. Feed her plenty of potatoes, rice, bread, butter, milk and cream, and green vegetables and fruits. Very little meat, but soft cooked eggs. Send her to bed by eight o'clock every night, and let her sleep till seven. Encourage her to run and romp and do everything outdoors that is healthful exercise. Have plenty of fresh air in her sleeping-room. Have her take a complete body bath every day, either morning or evening or both. Watch her bowels. See that she forms the habit of going at a regular time each day. Usually about fifteen or twenty minutes after breakfast is a good time. Never let her forget this. Have her go again at night before retiring. See that she drinks six or seven glasses of water a day. Massage her scalp gently at night. Possibly doing her hair up at night is causing it to break and come out, although you use rage. There is more or less strain on the hair, under any circumstances, when done up, and if I were she I would rather go without curls than run the risk of losing my hair. A curling fluid that is harmless is as follows:

Curling Fluid

Quince seeds, one and one half drams; cologne water, one half ounce; hot water, one half pint; oil of cloves, six drops; oil of lavender, six drops.

Soak the quince seeds in the water for several hours. Strain, and you will have a thick liquid like mucilage. Add to this the cologne to which the cloves and lavender have already been added. Moisten the hair with this before putting up or curling. Moistened only slightly, of course. For yourself, if your hair is dry I should not use anything on my scalp containing either bay rum or alcohol. Both are drying. Instead, massage your scalp, and rub in a little olive oil occasionally—not on the hair but just on the scalp, using the tips of the fingers. Look to your general health—that, I feel sure, is where the trouble lies. You can't have healthy hair if stomach, bowels, or liver are out of order, or if you are below par in weight or strength.

Marjorie.—See answer to "Peggy."

Mrs. G. B.—See answer to "May G."—the last part. You do not tell me your height, so I do not know how much you should weigh. You are probably pretty active, since you do so many things, and that keeps you from gaining. You should be careful to eat fattening foods. I wish you would read the advice given to "A. P. R." in the last issue of COMFORT. You should model your diet on those directions, and especially drink quantities of water, but not at meals. You get enough exercise now, and probably your muscles are fairly well developed, so I would hardly advise further exercise for you with this end in view. What you need is to add fat to the body and this can be done only through food. A little girl of eleven seldom should be given artificial exercises. They are for adults who do not get enough active exercise, or who cannot play in the open air as every child should. Playing hop-scotch or any hopping game will develop your little girl's legs. Playing ball—hand-ball—tennis, rowing, swimming, will develop her arms. Hopping of any kind will tend to develop her chest, because it will make her breathe deeply, and this is the only way in which the chest is developed—just by taking in deep breaths. Encourage her, therefore, to indulge in every kind of active outdoor sport, and don't let her stay indoors except when the weather makes it impossible for her to be out. If you will do this, and look after her diet, her bowels, and see that she drinks plenty of water, you will have a perfectly healthy little daughter, and one whose body will become rounded and properly proportioned as she arrives at the age of adolescence.

A Subscriber.—The matter with your dry, "crinkly" skin is the use of too much soap. Stop using it more than once a day, and then only at night. Do not rub soap on the face, but make a mild soap-suds with warm water and Castile soap and use a complexion brush with which to scrub the face at night. Rinse innumerable times, finally in cold water. The reason your pores are so large is that you have probably used hot water too often and failed to close the pores afterward. Do not use any soap in the daytime at all, and no hot water—only tepid water. Rub a little cold cream into the skin and keep on rubbing until the skin will absorb no more. Then wipe with absorbent cotton. Do this once a day for a little time, and always rub in a very little cold cream over the entire surface of the face (wiping gently with a bit of absorbent cotton, afterward) before applying powder. Otherwise powder will dry an already dry skin. Friction your face with your hands each time after washing and before dashing cold water on the skin. This will help to close those large pores.

L. E. M.—I do not know what is the cause of the pimples at the edge of your hair. Do you shampoo once in three weeks, and is your scalp healthy? Pimples such as you mention sometimes come when one has accidentally acquired parasites in the hair, but I hope you have not been so unlucky. A friend of mine once had this happen to her and did not know what was the matter. When she found out, she used one dram of pulverized larkspur seed in a pint of boiling water and washed the hair with this at night, shampooing it thoroughly the next morning.



MAKE YOURSELF SMALL SACHET PADS TO LAY IN YOUR DRESSER DRAWERS.

One or two applications cured the condition acquired on the street cars or some other place of that kind. I imagine your trouble may be one of the blood, though, and you should watch what you eat. Fruits and vegetables will help out immensely, as well as drinking plenty of water. Vaseline slightly melted and applied to the edges of the lashes or to the eyebrows are said to make them grow, but warm olive or sesame oil are probably better for the brows. Apply with a small clean mucilage brush, nightly, being careful always to get none of the liquid in the eyes. For the salicylic formula, see answer to "Peggy."

Miss L. K.—None of the formulas for my face creams contain peroxide. Tell me why you want a "peroxide cream" and I will suggest something for you to use. If you want it for a bleach, read what I said to "May G."

Mrs. W. O. L.—The only thing you can do to remove the hair growing low in the back of your neck is to use a depilatory, and this means that it will surely come back before long and somewhat heavier. Of course electrolysis would remove it, but you need to be near a large city to take it, and to remove a growth extending thickly below the nape of the neck would be very expensive. If you care to use a depilatory, here is one.

Depilatory

Sulphate of barium, one ounce; water, four ounces. Pour this liquid on corn-starch to make a thin paste. Spread on the hairy spot and let stay on until it begins to feel warm, when scrape off with the blunt edge of a silver knife—the back of the knife. The hairs will come with the dried paste.

Mrs. M. L.—The amount of milk to be taken a day on the milk diet is two glasses of milk every two hours—six quarts of milk a day. When you start the diet, you can take a glass and a half every hour from, say, seven-thirty A. M. until about 3.30 P. M. And then you can eat a light supper at six-thirty. When you are taking the full milk diet you do not eat any solid food at all. Use cold milk—but not ice-cold. If your hair is short and thin and "dandy," you should never use anything to make it "duffy," for such things always dry the hair. See the last part of my answer to "Mrs. E. T." this month, and my answer to "Mrs. H. S. A." in last month's COMFORT. These are the directions for you to follow. Be especially careful to massage the scalp every night.

Troubled.—For ingrowing toenails, the first thing to do is to change the style of shoe. It is either too narrow or presses down too closely on the toes. Perhaps your shoe is a little too short as well as too narrow. One way of curing an ingrowing nail is to file it down thin along its center and also make a V-shaped cut in the middle of the edge of the nail, with the point of the V toward the foot, the two ends of the V being at the opposite sides of the nail edge. The dead pieces of cuticle which have accumulated under the edges must be removed with the pointed end of an orange-wood stick. Then the nail gently raised and a little absorbent cotton dipped in kerosene used to wash the spot. It is not a bad idea to pour peroxide over the flesh which has been cut into by the nail. Rub a little zinc ointment, afterward, on the inflamed spot. Do this daily. If you can stand it, it is a good idea to cut a very thin little sliver of cork and insert it under the edge of the nail. You should dip the cork in water to which two drops of carbolic acid to the ounce have been added. The cork will swell a little after insertion and under the nail and therefore keep it raised. Repeat every second day. The main thing with ingrowing nails is to keep everlastingly at them. If yours have not yet badly wounded the flesh, all that may be necessary is to use a nail file, file the center of the nail thin, cut the edge square instead of rounding, and use your orange-wood stick to carefully remove the bits of cuticle, washing the too very carefully and rubbing in a little zinc ointment. But, remember, your shoes are in some manner to blame!

Mrs. M. H.—You are a little over weight, and both bust and hips are somewhat too large. What you need to do is to reduce a little. Exercise will not help your arms, because they are already exercised amply through all the active work you do. When you reduce all over, your arms will lose also. Cut out fat-building foods for a time, at least to some degree. Don't eat potatoes or drink milk or take cream on anything you eat, and use only a very little butter. Eat lean meats, fruits and vegetables. Take a hot bath every night, just as hot as you can stand it, and roll yourself up in a woolen blanket, letting yourself perspire for half an hour. Nothing breaks down extra fat like perspiration. Eat just a little less than you have been accustomed to doing. You can, if you have the time and opportunity, induce perspiration of the arms alone by wrapping them in strips of rubber sheeting, very firmly, and holding the sheeting in place with bits of adhesive tape which you can buy at your drug-store. This will make the arms hot and cause them to perspire, and every ounce of perspiration means a loss in flesh.

Flora D.—No, cocoa-butter is not injurious to the body skin, but should not be used on the face. Its chief value for the bust lies in the fact that it is gently massaged in with a circular motion, and that this gentle massage is good for the development of the bosom. However, you cannot expect to gain in bust measurement while your whole body is under weight. What you must do is to build up your health and weight. You should weigh one hundred and thirty-five or one hundred and forty pounds, and your weight is only one hundred and six. Read the directions to "A. P. R." in the last issue of COMFORT with directions for the things to do to gain in weight. One big thing you must remember is that your bowels must move every day of your life, freely. Do not rely on cathartics, but drink eight to ten glasses of water daily, and if they do not move naturally put half-a-dozen prunes to soak at night in a tumbler of water, then eat the prunes, masticating thoroughly, the first thing in the morning, and drink the prune juice. Eat fruits and green vegetables, and drink milk and eat cream on your foods, and potatoes and rice and other fat-building foods. Try to get eight to ten hours' sleep a night. If you can't, but can manage to get an hour's nap in the daytime, be sure to take that. To gain, you must get as much rest as possible, as much fresh air, as much fat-building food, and some exercise. When you have gained the twenty-five or more pounds you need, you will find your bust has filled out again. Twenty-five pounds means a lot of gain, and you can really gain it if you will read it systematically. Be sure to read the directions given to "A. P. R."

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

tists, actresses and you may have a natural aptitude for one or other of these professions, and you may achieve greatness in one or other of them, if you do not waste your time and opportunity for learning while at school. Some people in later years can make up for the wasted opportunities of youth, but very few can. It is best to cultivate the mind when the soil is receptive and that is in the days of youth. Education for the apprehensiveness of life. Frank Mann said: "Schoolhouses are the republican line of fortifications." Theodore Parker said that nearly everyone in this country got a mouthful of education, but scarcely anyone got a full meal. When this nation gets a full meal for the brain as it does for the stomach, and it's going to get that full meal within a couple of generations, heaven on earth will be close at hand. Apply yourselves to your studies, Dorothy and Rosalie. The schoolhouse is the foundation of all greatness, especially if it has a Sunday school annex. More of that some other time. Now don't waste a second while you are at school. If you do you will be only handicapping yourselves in the race of life and you'll be fettering yourselves to a ball and chain, dumb slaves to that most merciless of all tyrannies, the tyranny of ignorance.

BUTLER, R. B. 4, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a little girl on a high hill in Kentucky. I live with my grandma and she has cows. I help milk and sometimes milk all four of the cows. We have the prettiest little Holstein calf you ever saw and we named him Woodie for President Wilson. I have a beautiful white and black rabbit and I call him Jack. I have a little duck and its name is Tildie and when it gets to laying maybe I can send you some eggs. I am going to set out a strawberry patch, perhaps I can send you some strawberries this summer or fall, and I am going to send you some flowers that won't wilt. I am a small but I can do most all kinds of work. I go to school every day and I read COMFORT at night. My grandma can't do without COMFORT. We have several of your books and my grandma thinks Uncle Charlie is the best man in the world. She often looks through your picture book and admires all of your pictures very much, especially the ones when you were thirty-two and twenty-two.

Your niece,

RUTH ABBOTT.

Thank you, Ruth, for your chatty little letter. I am delighted to find that grandma is such a good friend of mine, and I am more than happy to know that she is the proud possessor of four cows. The only thing that grandmas ever seem to possess as far as I can discover, is rheumatism. Nearly every letter I receive from you young people, contains a sentence which runs like this: "Grandpa has cows and grandma has rheumatism." Thank heaven Ruth that your grandma stands in a class by herself. I love grandmas, and when I look at their wrinkled brows, faded heads and above all at their poor, tired, withered hands, a big lump comes in my throat. Ah, me! What a debt the world owes to its grandmas, and what myriad tasks those withered hands have performed—hard and thankless tasks, tasks which grandma did not hesitate to do and took a pleasure in doing. I hope you appreciate grandma, Ruth, and the older grandma gets the more considerate, kind, thoughtful and helpful you will be to her I trust. You may be a grandma yourself some day and will be yearning for love and sympathy just as she is, so milk the cows and if Woodie Wilson gets entangled in a barbed wire fence, mind you supply him with a typewriter and lots of paper so he can write notes

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to the fence and tell it not to be so offensive. It is a good thing you did not name the calf Bill Bryan, or you would have had to amputate its tail and extract its horns, for Bill as you doubtless remember does not believe in preparedness. You can imagine what a dandy time a cow would have in flytime with no tail. Bill would like to give us a hornless and tailless United States, so that the dogs of war could bite our heads off in front, and the militaristic flies and hornets of the old world sting the life out of us behind. Nature knew what kind of a world a cow was going into and gave it weapons of offense and defense. Well Herr Wilhelm Bryan shuts his eyes to the kind of world we are in, and some idiots mistake his insane babble and infantile vapors for genius. Well as Barnum said "there is one born every minute." If you don't know what kind of a "one" I mean Ruth, ask grandma, she's wise and she knows. Barnum got a lot of money out of the "ones" and the peace at any price must find their field a profitable one, or they would not be working it so hard. Am delighted to know Ruth, that grandma admires the pictures which were taken of me in my youth. Maybe if Grandma and I could both go back about thirty years, there might be a very pretty romance woven round that hill in Kentucky, especially if grandma could keep a tight hold on the four cows. With meat and milk at their present high prices and famine stalking the earth I trust Ruth, that you will forgive me for mixing romance and business. A million kisses to you Ruth, and see that grandma gets her share if she will accept them. If these tokens of my affection are not acceptable please pass them on to Woodie Wilson; they may help to soothe him when the flies and hyphenates get too bothersome.

AMBOY, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I am a little girl twelve years of age. Mamma, my sister Bernice and brother, Theodore, my cousin Irving Raymond and I spent the year of 1914 in touring Europe. We were in Paris when the war started. We sailed for America on the first ship and arrived in New York all safe and sound. The ship was terribly crowded with people and their belongings.

We visited the principal cities in Belgium, Austria, Hungary, France, Germany and the British Isles. Paris and Vienna I thought were the nicest and prettiest cities. We got awfully tired of riding on those slow trains over there. I often wished we had our motor cars. Mamma has two motors, my brother has one and my sister and I have one.

We are only visiting in Amboy, at mamma's sister's place. It is a very beautiful place here in the country, situated on a high hill overlooking the river. My real home is in Peoria, Ill. We expect to go home the first of May and the first of June we are going to our summer home "Bluemont" in Michigan. I have been in California three times, in Canada twice and in Mexico once, I have been in Florida several times.

Unlike most of the cousins, I don't know how to do anything in the "work line" except what I devote my time to music and school studies and tennis and golf. I don't even know how to dress myself or comb my hair. My maid, Lila, does that for me.

Do you like music, Uncle? I have taken ninety-six

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

she began to cry out loud?

"I am so glad you like him. I couldn't marry any one you did not like," unconsciously turning the screw tighter. "Tell me, what do you think about Lady Satterlee?"

"Does she know?"

"Yes," hesitatingly. "She was very sweet, but I thought she was surprised at first."

"Did she say so?" This question was uttered with a perceptible huskiness of tone. Was every one going to be surprised? Had every one seen her idiotic infatuation written on her face?

"Oh, no," thoughtfully. "She kissed me, and was very nice, but I fancied it was somehow a shock to her. Perhaps—laughing—"she was like Maurice and thought it was you he liked!"

"Maurice is a fool!" Oh! if Agatha would only go! How long must she bear this? She twisted restlessly in her narrow bed. "You never thought anything so silly, Agatha?" she added, in a low, hard voice.

"If Oh, no. You see," blushing in the darkness, quite uselessly, "I knew for ages that he used to go to St. Jude's to see me—but don't you tell Lady Satterlee."

"It would not shock her," how little Agatha knew about Satterlee's mother!

"Who is going to tell Mr. Mayne about it all? That is more to be pointed."

"Lord Satterlee. Tell me do you think Mr. Mayne will forbid the banns?"

"He can't. He has nothing to say about our getting married. He may be hateful, but that won't matter to you."

"Nerine, what's the matter? You are shivering so that the bed shakes."

"I'm cold," and her chattering teeth corroborated her utterance. "The prospect of living here with Mr. Mayne when you're gone is—not cheering."

"I'm not gone yet, my dear. Wait; I'll put something more over you. I'm cold myself, now that I think of it."

"Do go," Nerine advised as Agatha put a shawl over the bed. "You will catch cold, and you must look nice in the morning. Good night," presenting a frozen cheek to be kissed. "I—I am so glad, Agatha," incoherently.

"I thought you would be. But, oh! my dear, don't talk of being left with Mr. Mayne. I am not going yet, and you are coming to me when I do."

What! live in Satterlee's house, after she had so nearly betrayed herself to him? Never! She set her teeth to prevent her saying it aloud as Agatha tucked her up carefully.

"Think how nice that would be!" yawning. "Oh! I am so tired, Nerine! But it was a heavenly ball—quite worth the dresses. By the way, where do you suppose Mr. Mayne thought you obtained the gown which awed him so?"

"I don't care what he thought. Do go, Agatha. I am so tired!" with a choking sob which the other did not hear.

"Yes, I am going. Good night," and Agatha picked her way once more through the furniture to her own room, where she said her prayers, tumbled into bed, and was asleep in no time.

Nerine pushed angrily at her pillow as she heard the soft, regular breaths from the other room. She could sleep, too, if it were not for the horrid waltz from "Faust" which kept playing itself in her head.

A Family Stratagem

By W. W. Hatfield

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DR. PHILIP BENDER sat in the waiting-room of his office in anticipation of a visit from his son. He was not in a genial frame of mind. The son, who had just attained his majority, had incurred the parental displeasure by eloping with a young lady whose livelihood had been earned upon the stage, a vocation odious beyond comparison to Dr. Bender.

Harry Bender, the son, was a bank clerk. His father knew that the withdrawal of his influence would be sufficient to cause the loss of Harry's position which would render the latter practically destitute. As a last resort, if the young man would not listen to reason, Dr. Bender had decided to pursue this course, in the hope that it might force him to sever his alliance with this "show girl." While Mrs. Bender was inclined to be opposed to such drastic action, she realized the futility of attempting to sway her husband, once he had decided upon a policy.

The doctor was still impatiently awaiting Harry's arrival and growing more and more exasperated with each moment of delay, when the door opened and a young lady entered. As it was not during his office hours, this interruption did not tend to placate him. The habit of professional politeness, however, prevented him from betraying his annoyance to a patient. Habitually also, he attempted a diagnosis of the prospective case, which failed, as the young lady was the picture of ruddy, youthful health. This appearance was aptly set off by her quiet but becoming costume.

"Good morning," she began, "you are the doctor, I presume."

"Quite correct," he answered, noting subconsciously that her teeth were pearly white and her smile bewitching.

"Permit me to introduce myself," continued his visitor, proffering a card.

The doctor glanced at the slip of cardboard. It read:

Miss Amy Carlton
Impersonatrix
With the Bium Theatrical Co.

"I came here," Miss Carlton went on, "in the interest of your son and his bride. I have been acquainted with the young Mr. Bender for some time, and have been associated with the young lady whom he has just married during her entire theatrical career. I assure you that you will be doing both yourself and them a very great injustice if you refuse to recognize their union."

Dr. Bender stilled a word which he had never heard in Sunday school.

"Miss Carlton," he announced stiffly, "I do not care to hear anything more on this subject. My mind is made up—conclusively. I will not sanction my son's marriage to a stage girl." He had contrived to put an immeasurable contempt into the words: "stage girl." "I bid you a good day."

"One moment, doctor," the girl interrupted. "I am myself, as you put it, a 'stage girl.' Do I appear to you as the kind of a person who is entirely destitute of human qualities, or of feelings?"

Miss Carlton had flushed hotly. It was evident that she had felt keenly the thinly veiled insult in the doctor's words. Dr. Bender, whose greatest pride was his reputation for courtesy to the gentler sex, was quick to note the effect of his disparagement, and felt a consuming desire to be able to retract the statement. Moreover, a single glance at the innocent, girlish figure before him made him realize that he had been unjust as well as ungentlemanly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Carlton," he entreated. "I had no intention of including you in my classification, much less of affronting you. But I assure you that your good offices are futile. I can never reconcile myself to my son's alliance with one of your profession, not even were that

person as winning and as evidently ladylike as yourself."

"I accept your apology, Dr. Bender, although your prejudice is in itself an indignity. You seem to think of us as a class of people not entitled to the emotions of ordinary humans, a race apart, despised. I wonder if you remember, doctor, when you were young. Did it make any difference to you if the future Mrs. Bender happened to be poor, if she had to work for her living? Did you care whether she sewed, or sang, or played a piano to keep body and soul together, as long as she was good and pure? Did you love her, doctor, or was it the girl?"

Dr. Bender did not answer. Miss Carlton had taken him by the hand, was looking up into his eyes, but he did not seem to be aware of it. For her words had taken him back over twenty-five long years, back to the time when he had been a young medical student, and his sweetheart, the Mrs. Bender of today, had been a cashier in a restaurant. And, with consummate skill, she kept him there. She talked to him of moonlight strolls, of nights in the park. She made him live over again the love scenes of his young manhood. So cleverly did she weave about him a fabric of tender recollections that he lost cognizance of his surroundings, the office, his visitor, and talked on. Her arms slipped about his neck. Utterly lost in the enchantment which the girl's art had cast upon him, living, breathing a love dream of yore, he put his arm around her and drew her to him, the while her golden head dropped upon his shoulder.

At this juncture he was rudely brought back to reality by the opening of a door. Mrs. Bender, struck dumb and motionless with astonishment, stood upon the threshold. Miss Carlton sprang away, blushing. The doctor, shamefaced and red, tried to stammer out an explanation. But before he could unburden himself of anything intelligible, his wife, in high dudgeon, had withdrawn, slamming the door behind her.

The two culprits faced each other in silence. Miss Carlton dropped her gaze to the floor, her face a flaming scarlet. From a distant room came the sound of hysterical sobbing. Dr. Bender fell to pacing the floor with long, nervous strides. Twenty-five years of wedded happiness, and now to have his conjugal bliss shattered by this totally unexplainable affair!

Several minutes of exquisite torture had passed, when the door again opened and Harry Bender entered.

"Well, dad," he grinned, "looks like you've got yourself in a pickle. If you'll listen to reason, though, I think I can square you."

"How?" gasped his father, like a drowning man clutching at the proverbial straw.

"Not so fast, dad," chuckled Harry. "Business first. Do you promise to bestow the paternal blessing on Mrs. Bender, junior, and yours truly?"

"Yes, yes. With all my heart," answered the doctor.

"That's the spirit," the young man returned, and opening the door called: "Mother!"

His mother, still red-eyed and indignant, appeared in the door.

"Mother," Harry repeated, taking her by the hand and leading her over to the blushing Miss Carlton, "I wish to introduce to you your daughter-in-law, formerly Miss Amy Carlton. She has given up a promising theatrical career for a kitchen apron. Father likes his new daughter immensely."

"And so do I," avowed Mrs. Bender, senior, heartily, as she threw her arms around the girl's neck.

Then there was a belated wedding celebration in which all parties concerned felt the greatest satisfaction, albeit for varying reasons. It was some time, however, before they felt safe in telling the doctor that the whole affair was a frame-up, to which even the senior Mrs. Bender had been a party.

She was tired enough—tired to the bone. Mr. Mayne was right—bills were dust and ashes, and she had been a fool to go. And she had been a belle, too. How must girls feel who had been wall flowers all the evening? And she had for her pains a white satin frock (not paid for and dirty round the hem), a pair of aching feet, and a heart sick and sore; while Agatha—

She sat bolt upright in the chilly night to think how she would feel if she stood in Agatha's shoes and Agatha in hers.

"Oh, I'm glad, Agatha has not to feel like this!" and tears flowed from her hot eyes. "It would have half killed Agatha, and it has only a quarter killed me," smiling ruefully, but not for long, for loud sobs were choking her, and she hid her head lest Agatha might hear them.

"It was best as it was, and yet—"

"Oh, my love, I could have loved you better than Agatha," broke from her in a bitter, whispered cry. "Oh, my dear, if you had only loved me!"

She lay staring into the darkness, seeing again the little room which had so nearly been witness of that most bitter humiliation—a girl giving herself to a man who does not want her.

As she looked back upon the events of the evening, her heart grew hard. She had been mad of late; tomorrow she must rise sane, and go her way as other women had done before her. But there was one thing certain—she would keep clear forever of love and lovers, and she would never, never go to another bail.

She fell asleep at last, as the winter dawn began to break, and she slept heavily until after noon; while Agatha, coming in on tiptoe with a useless breakfast marveled at Nerine's red and swollen eyelids and the paleness of her tired face.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I DON'T WONDER THEY HATE HIM."

There was no doubt about it. Mr. Mayne had had a trying day. He sat in his own sacred retreat toward five o'clock in the afternoon and felt mentally and physically shattered.

To begin with, he had been disturbed during the hour of repose, which he invariably took after lunch, by a message that Lord and Lady Satterlee were in the drawing-room, waiting to see him. What they wanted of him, he had no idea. He knew of the Satterlees merely as magnates of another county who had taken up his objectionable stepson, and had induced his stepdaughters to go to a ball in their charge.

It was with all his dignity and his very best manner that he entered the great drawing-room to receive them, but it was with great difficulty that he retained either manner or dignity in their company.

Their advent had evidently been known to every one in the house but himself, for a huge fire burned in the wide grate. Things had come to a pretty pass indeed when a fire was lighted in the drawing-room without Mr. Mayne's orders, or efforts were made to do honor to any guests but his. He would settle with Agatha for this by and by!

But when the interview was over he had lost all inclination to settle with Agatha, so astounding was the communication made by Lord Satterlee, so placidly was his consent to all her plans taken for granted by Lady Satterlee, the only person Mr. Mayne had ever encountered who was more than his match.

There was nothing to be made by opposing Agatha's engagement; Mr. Mayne saw that at a glance. It was doubtful if much could be made by assenting politely to it; but the Satterlees

ing at her blank face. "You see we are under patronage today."

He opened the door for his mother, who placidly assured him that she was quite sure of her way, and had no need of being shown it either by him or by Agatha.

"By the way," Lady Satterlee turned on the threshold and spoke to Agatha, "I mean to carry you and Nerine off with me when I go home next week. I think you have had quite enough of the lonely life you lead here. I am not going to take no for an answer from your stepfather, so you and Bobby may make your plans accordingly."

She entered the morning-room with her refined face very animated, and stood smiling at the door, a delightful object to look upon in her soft chestnut velvets, and the seal skin cloak whose lining of dull pink-and-gold brocade showed as she let it slip from her shoulders.

Nerine, starting to her feet from which she sat huddled on the hearth rug, was an odd contrast to the newcomer. She had on an ancient silk, with a reckless wrack around the skirt; her face looked pale and tired over the penitential tints of her garment, and it gave Lady Satterlee a shock.

"I knew it!" she thought, swiftly. "Oh, I could murder Bobby!"

"May I come in?" she said, taking no notice of the dull eyes, the idle hands of the girl before her. "I have just interviewed your stepfather, and he was as wax before me. Agatha"—with cruel directness, for since she must hurt her auditor, it was best to do it and have it over—"is to be married whenever she pleases, after she becomes of age. You see how carefully anxious your steppapa was to glide out of the question of supplying a tresspasser. I did not dispute the question with him, but I stipulated that I was to take you and Agatha home with me, and keep you as long as you would stay with me. What do you say to that idea? Do you think?"—her eyes were dwelling on the girl—"that you and I could be happy together?"

A black kettle was boiling on the dull red coals in the grate, a tea table with brown bread and butter and an equipment very different from that grand tea table of Mr. Mayne's which would be set presently in the drawing-room, stood ready beside it.

Nerine before she answered Lady Satterlee, lifted the boiling kettle and made the tea. It gave her one instant to turn her face away and find words.

"How good you are," she said, very softly. "But two of us would be rather an invasion, I think. And then I have promised Kitty Belton and her mother that the very first time I have the heart to leave Mr. Mayne I will go to Belton."

"You can go there first," she replied, with undiminished zeal, "and then come to me. I will have you, so you need not try to avoid me. I cannot hope to keep Bobby beyond a short leave just now, and Agatha, without you, would not be happy when he had gone."

When he had gone! Agatha, who heretofore had never been happy without her at all! Nerine winced at the sting of this fresh cut.

"You will find that Mr. Mayne will not part with me for two visits." She put the cozy over the teapot with great care, and a determination to stay rooted in Lisperand House forever rather than dwell under Satterlee's roof. "Will you have tea, or is it too early? I must have mine, because I am only just up. Think of that for laziness. Agatha"—smiling—"was up at nine o'clock."

Mr. Mayne ordered tea in the drawing-room. Do you think I could have both?"

Nerine stood in dumb amazement.

"I have never," she remarked at last, dryly, "had tea with Mr. Mayne in all my life. Do I understand you that he has invited me now, and do you fancy he means to make tea himself? I would give worlds," with ungrateful and hard mirth, "to see my stepfather making tea!"

"He is not going to appear at all, I learned." She had taken a seat in a comfortable armchair beside the tea table. "I think he had quite enough of my society without enduring it at tea; though I don't know"—hastily—"he may be meaning to do so."

A frown gathered on Nerine's face.

"Did you ever have tea made out of a black kettle?" she said. "It will be much nicer than Mr. Mayne's tea. Unless you would rather go back to the drawing-room?"

"I will do whatever you do," Lady Satterlee responded, with delightful promptness. "But I would much prefer to stay here—with the black kettle."

"Will you—really?" Nerine began to pour the thick cream from the old-fashioned jug into the best cup among a remarkable assortment. "But you won't get half such nice things to eat," with candid afterthought; "only bread and butter and cake, and my society thrown in. Nothing would induce me to have tea under the auspices of Mr. Mayne."

"I told Agatha we should come back to tea." "Agatha will probably discover that you deceived her," said Nerine, with admirable gayety. "I don't think we need trouble to send her word."

As she spoke, Agatha came in—with Kitty Belton and Satterlee, and Nerine, after one quick and terrified instant, in which she felt her heart turn over, went quietly forward and shook hands with him.

What a blessing that she had said her congratulations last night! How should she ever have stammered them out now, with Lady Satterlee's keen eyes on her faltering lips? But how embarrassing it was to have him come in upon her like this, as one of the house, without any warning!

"Agatha might have come first, and gone back for him," she thought, a sudden dryness parching her throat. What were they saying?

Oh! tea.

She went back to her tea, and picked up the cream jug with steady, cold fingers. Satterlee was holding out a cup to be filled.

"We thought you were going to have tea in the drawing-room," Lady Satterlee observed dryly. "And now you have stolen a march on us, and come in here."

"No tea for me with Mr. Mayne!" said Agatha, laughing. "Of course, if you had stayed, I would have; but alone, oh, no!"

Which was exactly how it came to pass that Mr. Mayne, stepping delicately into the drawing-room to do the honors of his faultless tea table, found the room deserted, the birds of high and low degree flown. The steam rose high from the silver urn, the hot cakes nestled snugly in their covered dish, the little round sandwiches and the cakes, in whose making Jane had had no finger, all were tempting the empty air.

Mr. Mayne advanced a step, retired another; then he went over to the tea table as though nothing had happened, and it was a usual thing with him to take tea at five o'clock. He poured

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Her Veteran of '98

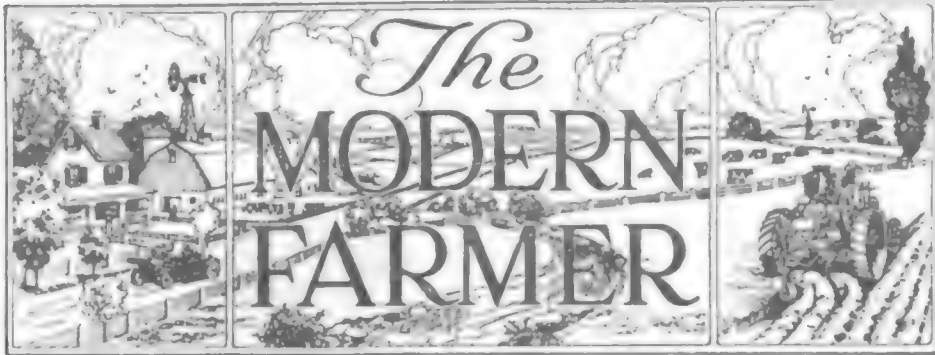
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

If you do not wish, for you've known me only since morning. But that might be long enough to decide whether you can bid me hope. We love and revere the dead heroes and set aside this day for the honoring of their memory, can you not give a little of that love to a living veteran? Can we not make this a memorial day of greater interest to us two, the memorial day of our engagement?"

She could not resist his pleading, even had she wished—and she did not.

"You are a man who has been accustomed to conquering," she said, "and I am afraid you wouldn't allow a woman's 'no' to deter you. I expect I'll have to submit." She smiled into his eyes. "I don't feel that I am taking a chance upon a day's acquaintance. And besides—you've saved Spencer's life again today. You seem to make it a habit, and do it every time you meet him, don't you?"

She allowed him to kiss her lips.



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

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Milk Must Be Fed

THERE is no other article of human or animal food so important as milk. Aside from eggs milk is the only perfect food. It is nature's food and furnishes to the young and growing animal all those elements that are essential for life, growth and reproduction.

In one of the large experiment stations there has been conducted a series of experiments that demonstrate the necessity of milk for proper growth. In these experiments animals have been fed on chemically perfect foods, but containing neither milk nor anything made from milk. These animals almost always show poor and unsatisfactory growth and when mature fail to reproduce. Various animals from rats to calves have been fed by these methods and all alike show marked deficiencies in growth when milk is lacking.

These experiments show that the farmer who expects to succeed with pigs or calves must keep a portion of his milk at home to be fed on the farm. They show that the dairyman who sells all his milk to the condenser or to be used in city consumption must buy cows to renew his herd. He cannot raise them successfully or expect to grow pigs with profit.

The farmer who sells his cream for butter making or for city use always has the skim-milk left at home for feed. This enables him to raise his calves, grow pigs for pork successfully and to raise chickens at a profit. While he will not get so much money from the cream as from the sale of milk, the added profit which he is able to make from the animals which he is able to grow will in the end make up for what he loses by not selling whole milk instead of cream.

There is still another factor which must not be lost sight of. When skim-milk is fed on the farm its fertility value is kept up. Little fertility is lost in the sale of cream.

The Corn Root Louse

Most people do not know the peculiar habits of the corn root louse. It passes the winter in the egg stage in the nests of small ants that inhabit the corn fields. In the spring after the corn has grown roots the lice live on the roots by sucking the sap from the plants. The ants protect them and preserve their eggs over winter because the ants use the lice in much the same manner that the farmer uses the dairy cows. The lice have little tents in their bodies which secrete a sweet fluid often known as "honey dew." The ants feed on this "honey dew" hence they protect the lice in order to milk them. This association of lice and ants is generally common for all classes of these insects. The next time you see a lot of lice on plants be sure to notice if the ants are not close by.

Numerous ant hills in the corn field may be an indication of lice on the corn roots. The remedy is to destroy the ant hills by fall plowing and freezing and by rotation of crops.

Sweet Clover

Sweet clover is a plant coming rapidly into popular favor. But a few years ago it was outlawed as a weed and many states passed laws providing for its extermination. Now, however, it is looked upon not as a weed but as a plant fit for cultivation and having high value as a food for stock. The change came about in this way:

The alfalfa craze has swept over the land. All over the country the agricultural colleges are preaching alfalfa and farmers are experimenting with its culture. But alfalfa will not grow well unless the soil has been "inoculated." It was very early learned that sweet clover soil contained the proper germs for the "inoculation" of alfalfa fields. Alfalfa grown on soils that produced good crops of sweet clover was found to grow readily. In this way the roadside weed became the farmers' friend.

But the farmer soon discovered that the two plants resembled each other in many ways. He tried alfalfa and found it excellent food for stock and he reasoned that another plant so much like it must also make good feed, so he tried sweet clover also. Experiment stations have also taken up these tests and the once despised weed is now proving that it too may soon become a plant regularly cultivated on many farms.

Sweet clover has high feeding value, better than ordinary clover, and grows rapidly. If cut early, just before blossoming time and before the stem becomes woody, it is readily and greedily eaten by stock and makes an excellent hay. However, sweet clover runs its race in two years and like other clover it must be reseeded. In this respect it is not the equal of alfalfa which lives on from year to year.

There are two varieties of sweet clover, the white and the yellow. In the tests thus far conducted the yellow variety on account of its finer habit of growth is preferred as a hay crop. Like other clovers this plant is a nitrogen gatherer and for this reason is especially valuable in building up the fertility of the soil. Unlike alfalfa it can be grown on sandy soils with comparative ease.

Sweet clover has been tried out extensively in the irrigated sections of the West. The Wyoming Station reports a fair yield from poor soils unsuited to other crops. On good soils with proper care this station has been able to secure two cuttings. The second yield is from two to three tons per acre. It is usually sown at the rate of about ten pounds, with oats as a nurse crop. In some places it is scattered on the snow in winter. The alternate freezing and thawing cracks the hard seed coat and makes the seed germinate more readily in the spring. As the snow melts away the seed is carried down into the earth and is sufficiently covered by natural forces. Winds and freshets will carry many of the seeds away, however, when sown on the snow.

Many Uses for the Soy Bean

The soy bean now promises to become one of the most useful of American crops. It is already used in more ways than almost any other crop grown in this country.

Soy beans are legumes and have the power of taking nitrogen from the air. When grown on poor sandy land and plowed under they add nitrogen, increase the organic matter and the power of the soil to hold moisture.

Soy beans are valuable as a food for both man and beast. In Japan they play a very important part as human food. They are eaten as green beans, made into pickles, used in soups or cooked as dry beans. They are ground and made into flour from which bread, biscuits and crackers are made.

Soy beans are rich in oil which is easily extracted by heat and pressure. This oil is also used as food. It makes excellent paints, soaps, varnishes and is also used as a lubricant. One ton of soy beans yields about thirty gallons of oil.

After the oil is expressed the cake remaining is one of the very best of stock foods, worth at present prices of feed about forty dollars per ton. It is one of the best high protein feeds and an excellent milk producer. For the same reason it is a good food for laying hens. Fed to horses, cattle, sheep and hogs it takes the place of oil meal.

The green beans may be cut before ripening and made into an excellent hay. This hay has about the same value as alfalfa when fed to stock for the production of meat or milk.

In Japan and China other uses for the soy bean have been found. An artificial milk is made from the bean which takes the place of cow's milk in cooking and candy making. It is also roasted, ground and used as a substitute for coffee.

Concrete on the Farm

Concrete is now regarded as necessary as lumber on the farm. If properly made it is indestructible. Buildings constructed of concrete are permanent, hence more care and thought for the future is necessary in placing them where they are always to stand. If rearrangement should later become desirable it must be remembered that the concrete structure can't be moved. "It stays put" hence it should be put where it ought to stay.

How to MAKE CONCRETE.—The standard concrete mixture is a one-two-four compound. This means that to one part of cement two parts of sand and four parts of clean gravel or crushed rock should be added. The sand must be clean and sharp, not too fine. Dirt spoils the best concrete. If gravel is to be used it should be run over a fine screen to remove all fine dirt, then run over a coarse one so that all stones over two inches in diameter will be taken out. Crushed rock makes better concrete than gravel because it is clean and the edges are sharp. Cement sticks to crushed rock better than to smooth gravel.

Mixing water.—The sand, rock and cement should be thoroughly mixed before water is added. Each particle of sand and gravel should have its surface thoroughly coated with cement. This will cause the particles to be bound together. The cement is like glue, it does the binding. Water should be added to form a soft mass that will pour from a pail. The water combines with the cement to form the solid mass. Poor concrete is often the result of using too little water. Wet concrete sets slower but is much harder when it does set. It is often a good plan to throw water on concrete every few days until it is finally set. When concrete "drinks up" water rapidly one may know that it needs water to set properly.

CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS.—All farm buildings of whatever sort or material should rest on concrete foundations. These foundations should be dug into the ground below the frost line which of course varies with different localities. Buildings resting on concrete foundations imbedded in the earth below the frost line will neither heave nor settle. Foundations may be made of a weaker strength than the standard used to a one-three-five mixture, that is, one part of cement to three parts of sand and five parts of crushed rock.

CONCRETE TANKS.—For concrete tanks to be set below the surface the same mixture should be used as for foundations. These tanks should extend, or rest on foundations extending below the frost line. Watering troughs, milk cooling vats and septic tanks are now usually made of concrete.

CONCRETE WALKS AND FLOORS.—For walks and floors the standard one-two-four mixture should be used. This should be surfaced with a one inch layer of one-one, that is one part each of cement and sand mixed. This gives a fine hard wearing surface such as is needed in walks and floors. The important point in laying walks and floors is to have them well drained beneath. Cinders or sand six inches in depth should be placed beneath all walks and floors so that water will not collect beneath, freeze and heave and crack the concrete. This is the most important point in concrete construction. Walks and floors should be laid in small squares of four or five feet each way. These squares should be separated by a strip of building paper. This makes sufficient allowance for temperature expansions and if well made and properly drained cement laid in this manner will never crack.

The Farm Tractor

What does it cost to keep a team? It is said that one fifth of the farm acreage of the United States is used to produce feed for the work horses used thereon. If this be true there is opportunity to release this acreage for the production of human food if some satisfactory substitute for horse power can be had. This is the function of the farm tractor now being rapidly introduced. This statement must not be understood to mean that the size of every farm can be increased twenty per cent by the substitution of the tractor for horses. The small farms will profit most.

What does it cost to keep a two-horse team? How many acres are necessary? Let us make a little calculation.

The average work team eats six tons of Timothy or mixed hay and about 300 bushels of oats in a year if they are kept at reasonably steady work. To produce the hay will require from four to five acres of land, and to grow the oats from eight to ten acres, using average yields as a basis for calculation. In addition to this another acre is needed for pasture or exercise lot. So you have at least fifteen acres given over to each team of horses used on the farm.

The twenty-acre farm using horse power is an impossibility since the greater share of the land is used to maintain the power. This is probably the reason why the twenty-acre farm,

the forty-acre farm, and in many localities the eighty-acre farm has gone out of fashion. It has been crowded out because so large a proportion of the land was necessary to raise feed for the horses. The man on the small farm cannot afford to keep a team.

Now comes the small tractor designed to take the place of the horse team on small farms. These machines have so recently made their appearance that we have no definite knowledge as to their practicability or their effect upon the soil. But they are here and if they are not now practical they will be made practical. If their use should work harm to the soil, ways will be found to overcome these defects.

The small tractor is going to make the small farm possible. The small farm means more families on the land, which means greater intensity of culture, which in turn means more crops. This will in a measure tend to offset the rapidly increasing cost of living, about which we hear so much.

Welcome the small tractor.

Mushrooms and Toadstools

When a plant of the toadstool family is fit for human food we usually call it a mushroom. If it is poisonous we say it is a toadstool. Many people have been poisoned by making the mistake of eating toadstools for mushrooms.

BEWARE OF THE TOADSTOOL.—It is not easy to tell the difference between a mushroom which is edible and a toadstool which is not. A safe rule to follow is to let them alone if you are not sure of their nature.

Some Safe Rules

I. Never eat any mushroom in the button stage, that is before it has opened. It is always difficult to distinguish between poisonous and edible species in this stage. Only the expert of long experience can distinguish between "buttons" fit for food and those that are not.

II. Never eat mushrooms having white gills and a bulb at the base of the stem. The most poisonous ones are of this description.

III. Never eat a mushroom having a milk-like juice.

IV. If the mushroom has a thin cap and thick gills, leave it alone.

V. Never eat mushroom unless strictly fresh.

The poisons in some species develop with age.

Mushrooms That Can Be Easily Distinguished with a Little Practice.

1. The common morel, found in the spring of the year, is so different from the toadstool as to be easily recognized. It is shaped like an inverted pear and its outer surface is covered with holes. It may be likened to a pear-shaped sponge.

2. The common meadow mushroom has a straight stem without a bulb at the base. It has a ring around the stem at the base. Its gills are pink or red and it always grows in the sunshine in open pastures, never in the dense woods in the fall.

3. The common puff ball while still fresh and white is edible. A little practice in company with an experienced mushroom collector will soon enable the amateur to select the above three forms for human food with perfect safety.

Growing Mushrooms

Mushrooms are not easy to grow. The spawn is planted the same as other seeds of other plants and the mushrooms spring over night from the spawn. Those interested in the cultivation of this plant should send to the U. S. Department of Agriculture for Farmers' Bulletin No. 204, on "The Cultivation of Mushrooms."

Rash Operating is Dangerous

Some farmers seem to entertain the erroneous idea that nerve is the chief requisite when operating upon a horse for fistula of the poll or withers, or remedying a rupture, or removing a tumor, or opening an abscess or even unsewing a horse. Castration too is considered an easy job. If a man only has the necessary nerve. Please understand that skill, training and cleanliness are of far greater importance than nerve in this matter. We know of one nery, ignorant chap who operated upon a poll evil by free use of a big, sharp butcher knife. When the horse's head dropped to the ground and could not be brought back again he learned that there is a large ligament, known as the ligamentum nuchae, present for the purpose of supporting a horse's head and that the trained surgeon is careful not to cut it off. Better employ an expert when cutting has to be done, or learn from him how to do it correctly. If an abscess has to be opened and one is not informed as to the anatomy of the part, cut through the skin only, at the softest part, and then work through the underlying tissues by means of a comparatively blunt probe, or the clean handle of a pen, or a clean meat skewer. By this means it is possible to open into the abscess of "poll evil" or the parotid gland without great danger to the horse, whereas free use of the knife might cause death by severing an important artery. If a man feels that he is "handy with a knife" and likes to attempt the "doctoring" of animals let him go to a regular veterinary college and learn the business properly. There is room in the profession for good men and profit in the work. The "smarmy" who thinks he is qualified to practice and yet has had no training whatever is a menace to both animals and patrons. He should be left strictly alone.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much valuable information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

RECIPE FOR GRAFTING WAX.—Will you kindly give me the recipe and tell me how to make grafting wax? Would it be all right to graft a pear on any other kind of tree?

Mrs. S. E. S., White Cloud, Mich.

A.—To make grafting wax melt together four parts resin, two parts beeswax, one part beef tallow. Do this in a double boiler, not over an open fire since there is danger of explosion of resin. Mix thoroughly and let it cool. We do not advise grafting pears on other kinds of fruit trees. Only an expert who understands the process can succeed and then only with certain kinds of trees. Graft pear on pear only; probably you could not make it live if you tried to graft it on any other kind of tree.

LOBSTER CACTUS.—I have had the lobster, otherwise called the crab, cactus five years and they do not bloom. What can I do to make them bloom? Please also let me know the price of your primroses by the dozen.

Mrs. J. E., Lyons, N. Y.

A.—Try transplanting to open ground in summer. Choose a dry, sandy, well drained soil. When transplanted for winter in pots use stones and broken pieces of pot in bottom to give good drainage. Transplant in light, sandy soil, covering the top of pot with fine gravel one inch deep. Make the soil like that of the desert. Don't water too much. On the other hand never let the soil become bone dry. Write advertisers for prices on primroses; we have no primroses.

DISINFECTING SEED POTATOES.—Please tell me how to treat seed potatoes with formaldehyde for scab.

Mrs. B. S., Baker, Mont.

A.—Mix one pint of formalin (formaldehyde) in thirty gallons of water. Place the potatoes in slat boxes and immerse in the solution for two hours; then dry the potatoes.

CABBAGE YELLOW.—Please tell me what kills my cabbages. Just as they begin to head the leaves turn yellow and fall off as though something had eaten the pith out of them. The soil is black, sandy with clay foundation on a hillside. I use only stable manure for fertilizer and all other crops do well except cabbage.

Mrs. A. K., Ramer, Tenn.

Stops Corn Pain! Corns Lift Out With Fingers

Few Drops Takes Soreness From Corns and Calluses and They Lift Off.

A noted Cincinnati chemist discovered a new ether compound and called it freezezone and it now can be had in tiny bottles as here shown for a few cents from any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of freezezone upon a tender corn or painful callus and instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can just lift it off with the fingers.

No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying freezezone or afterwards and it doesn't even irritate skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also toughened calluses just shrivel up and lift off so easy. It is wonderful! Seems magical. It works like a charm. If your druggist doesn't have freezezone tell him to order a small bottle for you from any wholesale house.

Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A.—This is a serious disease of cabbage which has been mastered at the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, Madison, Wis. Write to Prof. L. R. Jones of that station as it may be possible to obtain some seed of his resistant cabbage. This variety has been carefully bred and is quite resistant against the disease, succeeding finely on infected fields where ordinary cabbage dies from yellows. There is no such disease as "hollow horn." It is a myth. The horns of all adult cattle are hollow. Malignant catarrh, however, may cause pus in the horn cores and that disease is highly contagious and incurable.

SOIL NEEDS POTASH.—Our garden soil is rich and black and grows all kinds of vegetables to perfection, except potatoes. Our potatoes run mostly to vines and produce few potatoes, and small at that. The land has been well manured; we have tried new seed and have given them the best of cultivation, but it makes no difference. The soil does not scour the plow and is so soft that it is difficult to plow. Why do we not get a good potato crop?

Mrs. O. F. L. Judson, Minn.

A.—The soil referred to is exceedingly rich in humus or decayed vegetable matter, which supplies much nitrogen but insufficient mineral matter, particularly potash, for potatoes. If you could top dress heavily with sand and sandy loam and apply a potash manure potatoes would be likely to thrive, provided the plot is not heavily shaded by trees. Too much shade will make successful potato raising impossible. No matter what may be the character and condition of the soil.

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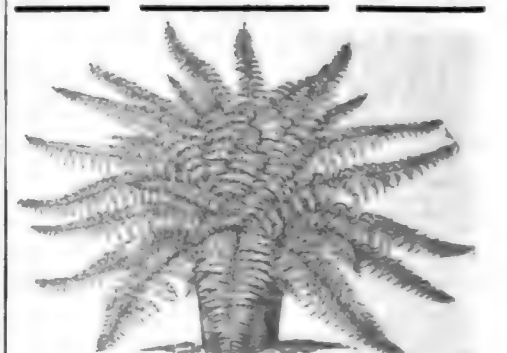
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Of indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house ferns. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful year by year. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture. They are the Asparagus Plumosa or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Poinsett" fern and the Whitman or "Ostrich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. These ferns are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to Club Ferns, COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 6112.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



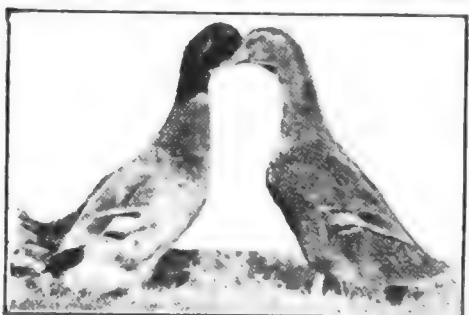
BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Ducks and Guinea Fowl

DUCKS and guinea fowl are very profitable stock on a farm, or where they can have plenty of range, for guinea fowl will find the larger part of their own feed. Even when the eggs are hatched under hens, the hen can be released at the end of four weeks, and the youngsters will come up at night with full crops; and until marketed in the fall, they need have nothing but a little cracked corn at night, just to bring them home regularly and keep them tame.

The guinea fowl need no special house, all that is necessary for their comfort being a roost high up in a shed. If left to themselves they take to the trees, and in all probability will get frozen if the winters should be severe, so the safest plan with new birds is to cover the front of a shed with two-inch wire netting, just tacking it up lightly, so that it can easily be removed at the end of two or three weeks, when they are accustomed to their new quarters.

While they are prisoners, feed two or three times a day; about half a pint of mixed wheat and cracked corn night and morning, and at noon about half the quantity of grain, with a little chopped meat or ground bone alternating with vegetables. All this food should be cut quite small, or the guineas will not eat it. Like other



INDIAN RUNNER DUCK AND DRAKE.

birds, they must have a constant supply of sharp grit and fresh water.

As a market commodity they have been growing in favor for the last five years, since, like squabs, they take the place of game during the closed season.

Guinea fowls commence laying when the first warm days come in April. As it is their natural instinct to be very secretive about laying, some patience and diplomacy are necessary to locate their nests. The usual spot selected is a hollow in the ground, by the root of a tree or fence post well screened by brush. Don't attempt to approach it while they are in sight. Go away, and return later armed with a long handled spoon. The eggs are almost the color of the earth and often covered with fallen leaves, so it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Be very careful not to touch the nest with your hand. Guinea seem able to scent the human hand about the nest; they can also count up to three. For that reason leave that number of eggs in the nest, removing the others with the spoon to insure there being no telltale clew left to arouse Mrs. Guinea's suspicion.

When you have fifteen stolen eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on the side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest box inside (at one end) of another box, two and a half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of wire netting for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby guineas are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate guinea eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nest boxes, and even when they are on the grass run, you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks and crevices in or around the sides, for they are such mites, and have such capacity for crawling through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knot-hole or some depression in the ground has escaped your notice, and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient. It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated three or four times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may search all day with little success.

Bill of Fare for Baby Guineas

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours, then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed, 7 A. M.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 A. M.—Millet seed.

Third feed, 11:30 A. M.—Chopped onion tops, half a cup of corn-meal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumbly.

Fourth feed, 2 P. M.—Pinhead oats, crushed a little finer than when it is bought.

Fifth feed, 5 P. M.—Liver that has been half boiled, cracked wheat and corn, equal parts.

These bills of fare can be varied with pot cheese, custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread crumbs moistened with milk, hard boiled eggs; but every day they must have meat (more than chicks need), and pepper or mustard seed crushed and fed in soft wood. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the run, and, of course, water in a drinking fountain that will only allow the beak to get wet.

Ducks are coming to the fore with a rush in this country, and I predict that within another year America will have followed the lead of England and Australia, and duck farming will be as common as farming, as the demand for eatable birds and eggs has increased steadily for the last five years. And, judging from the letters I have received during the last few months, asking for information about duck raising, our readers are awakening to the fact that there is money in ducks.

The first point for the beginner to grasp is the difference in breeds, for not all ducks are money makers. There are quite a number of breeds, the principal of which are Pekin, Aylesbury, Rouen, Crested, Indian Runner, and Muscovy.

The Pekins are creamy white, with reddish orange shanks and feet, and weigh at maturity, drakes, eight pounds; ducks, seven. The Aylesbury are pure white, shanks and feet light orange; drake nine pounds, duck eight. The Rouen drake's head and neck are green, with a white collar. Body, ashy gray, mixed with green. Breast, purplish brown; underbody steel gray. Weight, nine pounds. The ducks are principally light brown, pencilled with darker brown and green; weight eight pounds. The Crested are pure white ducks, with pronounced crests or topknots. Drake weighs seven pounds, duck six. There are two varieties of Muscovy—the pure white, with a red, wrinkled skin on their faces, and orange shanks and feet; the colored Muscovys are black and white heads, with the same odd, wrinkled skin on their faces as the white ones. Their backs are blue-black, sometimes broken with white feathers; shanks and feet, from yellow to dark red color, or even black. Drakes, ten pounds; ducks, eight.

There are two varieties of Indian Runner ducks—one pure white, the other light fawn and white or gray and white. The fawn and white are the most popular among breeders. The side of the face should be fawn or gray; throat pure white; breast and shoulders fawn or gray, running to white; tail, fawn or gray. Drakes weigh four and a half pounds; ducks, four.

When it comes to market purposes, we narrow down to Pekins and Indian Runners, Pekins being preferred, in most markets, for table birds; and they are certainly the most profitable for that purpose, because they grow very quickly, being ready for market when six to nine weeks old, when they will weigh from four to six pounds apiece, if they have been well fed and kept in yards, away from ponds and streams; and in the wholesale market they bring about eighteen cents a pound.

As egg producers, Indian Runner ducks are the wonders of the poultry world, for they have outstripped all records. One breeder in Indiana, who had three hundred and fifty birds, affirms that on January 25th he commenced shipping eggs for hatching, and sent out thirty-six thousand by July 25th, and that each duck (the stock consisted of three hundred ducks and fifty drakes) averaged ten dollars a year, the average yield being ninety-nine eggs for each bird in one hundred and eighty days. In New Zealand a two years' contest was conducted, one duck laying five hundred and twelve eggs in twenty-three months, and was still laying an egg a day, even though she was moulting. They are strong, healthy, easy to raise, develop very rapidly, and will, under good conditions, commence to lay before they are five months old.

There are many points in favor of duck culture, as they are free from lice, roup, scabby legs, and other diseases so common to chickens.

These ducks are hardy and vigorous, and as their chief characteristics are their laying qualities, they have come to stay, and the one who gives them special attention will realize a good profit from them in the future.

Running water is not at all necessary to their development, but they must have plenty of clean, fresh water for drinking purposes. They are great foragers, and find a part of their food when given free range, but they can be successfully handled in limited quarters. A two-foot fence is sufficient to inclose them.

One of the secrets of success is to start with pure bred stock, for blood will tell with ducks as with other poultry.

Keep one drake for every seven or eight ducks and fatten the rest for market when nine or ten weeks old. At this age we dress them and sell them to private parties for fifty and sixty cents each. Some work, but it pays. But eggs are what you should work for, and the flock should be large enough to enable you to market them by the case.

To get winter eggs, laying ducks should have an inclosed house, but after May they do better if allowed to run out all the time, but should be penned at night until nine o'clock the next morning, when they will be through laying for the day. The eggs are larger than hens' eggs, and they command from five to ten cents higher than hens' eggs in the commercial markets.

Laying ducks should be fed a damp mash composed of bran, shorts, corn meal and beef scrap twice each day, with whole corn at night. Never feed quite all they will eat. Sand and oyster shell must be provided and kept before them all the time.

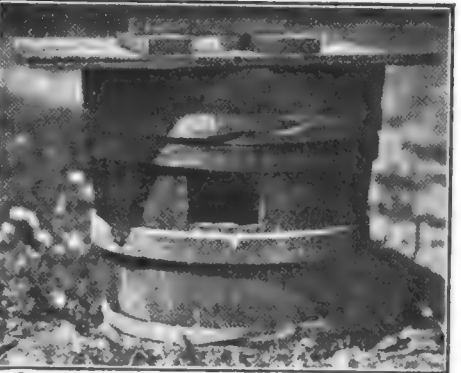
The first few days ducklings should be fed bread soaked in milk or water, squeezed dry and sprinkled with sand. After two days feed a mash of bran, corn-meal, low grade flour and beef scrap. They must have sand as well as feed, and this must be within their reach all the time.

Remember to provide green stuff of some kind in each feed after they are ten days old. This not only cheapens the feed, but insures good health. We like green cut clover best in summer-time. Give all feed in troughs, and fresh water several times a day.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

L. H. N.—There are many causes for chicks dying in the shell; old, over-fat, or inbred parent stock; an insufficient number of male birds; too much or too little heat or moisture during the period of incubation, etc., etc. If you read the January and March numbers of COMFORT, you will realize how important the two last are when hatching in an incubator. As the chicks you hatched last year com-



GOOD DRINKING FOUNTAIN FOR DUCKS.

menced to pip on the 19th day, and were all out by the twentieth, I imagine you have not cooled the eggs enough, or have allowed the heat to run above 103 degrees. Or you may have made the fatal mistake of opening the incubator door after the eggs commenced to pip, which would allow the moisture to escape and prevent the remaining chicks freeing themselves from the shell. A flock of sixty hens should have all the whole corn or corn and wheat they could eat up clean at night, and about one third less mash in the morning than they would eat in ten minutes. The best way to gauge the mash is to feed all they will eat in ten minutes, and for the future give one third less. When confined to yards, give a quart of small grain scattered in deep litter at noon, and some green vegetable.

A. M. K.—From 25 to 30 eggs a day from forty chickens is very good. You might reduce the amount of scratch in the morning to two quarts, as they have dry mash always before them. It is advisable to give a little green vegetable food, if you possibly can, at noon. Diarrhea may be caused by the bird being able to pick out the animal food in the dry mash, unless it is kept in a well-constructed self-feeder which only allows a small quantity to come within reach at a time. Read answer to L. H. N.

B. L.—Oats and bran are wanting in the qualities which make fat. I can't make out the name of the

powder you feed twice a week, but good food is much better than tonics and powders. Read answers to L. H. N. and A. M. K.

L. M. L.—March and April COMFORT will have answered the first part of your letter. Feeding and growing stock and the care of pullets will all appear in later numbers in timely order. All the recognized makes of incubators do good work if properly attended to. Study this department in the January and March numbers.

J. B. M.—I can't understand the case. Unless the hen ate something which could not pass into the gizzard, or swallowed some irritating substance like paint, lime, lime, Rough on Rats, or some such poisonous matter which has caused inflammation of the crop. The best treatment in such cases is to pour water down the bird's throat; then hold it by the feet, head hanging down, and gently work the crop from the breastbone down to the neck. After getting as much out of the crop as possible, give some soft liquid food. If you know that unslaked lime is likely to have been within the bird's reach, give a dose of weak vinegar and water; if Rough on Rats is suspected, a dose of magnesia. When you have no idea of what may have caused the trouble, pour thick rice or barley water, or thin custard down the bird's throat after the crop has been emptied; but never use oil, as it has a dangerous action on some poisons.

S. B. W.—Chickens on free range don't need charcoal. Feed one pint of scratch food or a mixture of wheat and oats in the morning, and about one and a half of wheat and cracked corn at night, from May until the end of September; after that, regular winter-laying rations, which will be given in the August or September COMFORT. Yes; you can get farmers' bulletins on chicken raising from the government. Address your request to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Bulletin No. 287, "Hints to Poultry Raisers," Bulletin No. 528, will help you, and are distributed free.

M. A. H.—The hen's mouth must have been injured in some way. The only treatment I can suggest is to bathe with an antiseptic wash, and feed on stale bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry. I am sorry you have had such a poor winter, and hope the bright spring days will give you fresh courage and prosperity.

A. A.—Read the first part of the department this month.

J. A. P.—Scales on shanks and feet are caused by a minute parasite. Hold the bird's shanks and feet in a soapy water for a few minutes and soften the hard scales, then scrape gently with a soft brush and plenty of white soap. Wipe while still moist; rub with carbolio ointment and flour of sulphur and lard mixed. Repeat after a week if necessary. Clean the roosts, and paint with kerosene or sheep dip.

H. E. W.—Read last part of the department this month, about ducks.

C. H.—Your question about guinea fowl is answered in the first part of this month.

A. B.—The gobbler must certainly have been hurt in some way. All the first litter of eggs will be fertilized by the old gobbler.

W. D.—Read answer to J. B. M.

A. D. H.—I can't give breeders' addresses in this column. Look through the advertisements.

A Subscriber.—A cement floor, has the great advantage of being easily cleaned and disinfected in case of sickness. With the ventilating system you are going to install, such a house as you describe will be much better than the ordinary one story henhouse, and quite as healthy for the birds if the floor is kept covered to a depth of four or five inches with short litter.

F. H.—For scaly legs, see answer to J. A. P., and for feeding, answer to L. H. N. During the winter, hens must have some animal and vegetable food, as well as grain, if they are expected to lay a full quantity of eggs.

F. V. S.—You must look through the advertising columns for Spangled Orpingtons. I don't know of any breeders in your part of the country.

F. W. F.—The house should be ten by twelve or larger.

G. P.—If you will write again, and tell me on what subject you want advice, I shall be glad to help you.

A. P.—I cannot recommend breeders. You will find some addresses in the advertising columns.

L. A. M.—All well-known incubators are good practical machines, so it is not fair to recommend any one special make. The advertisers in COMFORT are all reliable firms.

J. A. J.—Trap nests have been fully described and illustrated in past numbers of COMFORT. We can't spare the space in this column to repeat the instructions.

B. E.—We have no free books on the subject. Write to the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 791, on turkey raising.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

If any of the sisters know the meaning of the three links (Rebekah lodge) write me a letter and I shall be pleased to answer.

Remember me as, MRS. MAUDE HARRILL.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Wrinkles of the Heart

Sent in by "Mother of Three," Sidney, Ohio.

Time is merciless, relentless—neither face nor form
doth spare;
Time is ever hurrying onward spite of agonizing
prayer,
And the wrinkles of his making come unsought to
me and you,
But the face is deeper furrowed if the heart has
wrinkles, too.

Often as I saunter slowly through the city great and
vast,
As I watch the men and women old and youthful
walking past,
Oh, the many wrinkled faces, faded eyes of brown and
blue!
And I wonder as I saunter, if the hearts have
wrinkles, too.

Youth is beautiful, alluring, but with age comes deep-
er thought,
And the heart's mature and mellow is with richer
insight fraught,
And time's wrinkles bring a beauty if the soul be
brave and true,
But old age has lost its glory if the heart has
wrinkles, too.

Sorrows come to all, and heartaches; fortune is a
fickle god,
Thorns a-plenty 'mong the roses strew the path our
feet have trod;
So all honor to the wrinkles when the soul shines
steadfast through,
And all pity for the furrows when the heart has
wrinkles, too.

—Los Angeles Express.

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LIGHTS, HOME COMFORTS & POWER SERVICE. Pow-
er & Fan Motors. Storage & Medical Batteries. Dynamos. Engines. Pumps. Belts.
Motion Picture Machines. Catalog, 3c. OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio.

MUSIC FREE. Beautiful Song, Catalog of latest songs, popular and high-class. Send 4c in stamps.
ROY LINWOOD, P. O. Box 2232, Boston, Mass.

Solid Gold Lavalliere set with genuine Diamond and 30c cash commission given for selling fine perfume at 10 cents a bottle. Extra presents for prompt work. Write for perfume. J. C. Dimick, Portsmouth, N. H.

Pink Cameo Ring FREE
Cameos are set in fine gold filled ring. Guaranteed for three years. To introduce our Ring Bargains, we will send you a ring, your size, upon receipt of 12c to pay advertising.
The Auction Co., Dept. 168 Atlantic City, N. J.

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Use Patriotic Stationery. Show your colors, 25 beautiful printed envelopes and 25 letter-heads. National flag printed in colors. Send 25c coin or stamps today.
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DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Unbeatable Exterminator of Rats, Mice & Bugs

Used the World Over. Used by U. S. Government

It Can't Fail—It's All Exterminator

Stop Fattening Rats, Mice & Bugs!

On your food or on Catch Penny ready-to-use

substitutes—whose bulk is inert flour and grease.

Why Trap Rats & Mice, One By One,

while these uncaught rapidly increase

END THEM ALL TO-NIGHT WITH A 25c BOX OF ROUGH ON RATS

The Recognized Standard For Half a Century

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largest exclusive Cycle House in America. WRITE TODAY for

Black Beauty Color Catalog showing all sizes and styles.

Haverford Cycle Co., Est. 1896, Dept. B, Phila., Pa.

Earth's Noblemen

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil.
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows kings' or warriors' fame.

The working men, whatever their task,
Who carve the stone or bear the load,
They bear upon their honest brow,
The royal stamps and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Add a teaspoon of ginger to doughnuts and they will not soak fat. Mrs. T. C. WARE, Whitefield, Maine.

When making gravy mix flour with a little water or milk and let stand for a while. It will not be lumpy then. ANNIE LEWIS, Ager, Cal.

When broiling meat, if the platter on which it is to be served is placed in the dripping pan directly under the meat all the juice will drop into the dish. This method saves every drop of gravy.

Make a paste of flour and water. Roll out thin and entirely cover the ham to be cooked with it and bake in a moderate oven six hours, or until ham is done. When cooked, remove the crust and you will find the ham much sweeter and nicer than when cooked in the usual way.

To cook peas, throw them pods and all into a kettle of boiling water, after washing, and discarding those that are spoiled. When done the pods rise to the surface while the peas stay at the bottom. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Hackett's GAPE CURE

It's a powder. Chicks inhale the dust. Whole brood treated at once. Money back if it fails. Package 35c. Postpaid. Safe, Simple, Certain. Address HACKETT'S GAPE CURE CO., HILLSBORO, Md., Dept. A.

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10°

PIGEONS DAY
Better Than Chickens
Young pigeons (squabs) bring to each when 8 to 12 weeks old. Big demand in city markets. Each pair of pigeons easily done up for year. Always penning up. Very little space and money needed to start. Free book explains all. HARRIS BROS. CO., Dept. 61, Ames, Iowa.

Get This Car
And The AGENCY For Your Territory
Drive a new 1918 Model Buick. Big Free Book and full information. Address Ralph Birchard, Free. BIRCH MOTOR CARS, Dept. 829, 81 E. Madison St., Chicago

150 Million Dollars
That's what 100 cities spent for plumbing and heating in new buildings last year. Sanitary Engineers—Heating and Ventilating Engineers—Drafting and Estimating Managers—and Plumbing or Sanitary Inspectors got this money. You can share it. These positions pay \$1600-\$8000 a year. And we can train you for one of them in your own home. Course endorsed by all interested organizations. WRITE TODAY for free booklet. No obligation. It's free. American School of Correspondence, Dept. B3045, Chicago, U.S.A.

German Silver Mesh Purse Given For Four Subscriptions

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, made throughout of German Silver, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



Club Offer. For a four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish German silver mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7374. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Early Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



1715

THE day may again come when the little schoolgirl will cover her pretty frock with a stiffly starched apron of lawn, "crossbar muslin," dotted Swiss or percale, trimmed with lace, embroidery or "Hamburg" edging and tied at the back with a big sash bow; at present all "apron honors" belong to grown ups, and there surely are many apron styles. Some so small and dainty that one marvels how they can be useful. Others big and enveloping and practical, well deserving of the name. Such a model is ever desirable and a valuable addition to any housekeeper's wardrobe.

An apron with long sleeves, with ample fullness and skirt length, cut low in the neck, and belted at the waist, or loose as you like it, is the best dress protector. But so much for aprons—from this season's array of fashions we are inclined to believe that women will be out of doors as much as indoors. See the lovely sports and beach dresses. The blouses in Middy and shirt-waist style. The new plaited skirts and those for soft pliant materials, gathered at the waist, and so lovely for flouncing and bordered goods.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1715—Ladies' Apron with or without sleeve in either of two lengths and with collar, or with neck edge in square outline. Percale, brilliantine, mohair, sateen, gingham, seersucker, lawn or cambric may be used for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size with sleeves; without sleeves, six yards.

1993—Girls' One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is nice for serge, gabardine, velvet, taffeta, linen, percale, galatea, shepherd check and plaid suitings. In brown or blue serge, with a collar of white repp or linen, it will be very pleasing.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

2023—Girls' Guimpe with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with neck high, or in "V," square, or round outline. This very practical and desirable model is nice for lawn, batiste, crepe and nainsook, also for linen, silk, cashmere, repp, poplin, and flannel.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires one and seven eighths yard of 36-inch material for a 12-year size.

2035—A Simple Play Dress, with lower edge arranged for romper style. The skirt portion is finished at the lower edge with an extension that buttons over the front to form rompers; this extension, if dress style is desired, may be cut away. Gingham, percale, chambray, galatea, drill, poplin and crepe are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, three and four years. Size four will require two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

1979—Ladies' Shirt-waist. This pattern is good for lawn, madras, batiste, serge, poplin, satin, taffeta and flannel.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inch bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2041—Girls' Under-waist and drawers.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires one yard of 36-inch material for the waist, and one and one quarter yard for the drawers, for an eight-year size. Ruffles on drawers will require about two and one half yards of edging, three and one half inches wide.

1881—A Practical Cover-all Apron. Gingham, lawn, percale, alpaca, drill, linen and sateen are all good for this style. The model is made to slip over the head and is closed in front with a lacing through eyelets.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2024—Ladies' House Dress with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. This design is good for striped seersucker, for checked gingham, repp, poplin, flannelette, linen, drill and other washable fabrics.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1727—A Smart Suit for the Little Boy. This style is fine for galatea, gingham, percale, drill, linen, linene, serge, repp, corduroy or velvet. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or short length.

Cut in four sizes; two, three, four and five years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1977—A Smart and Practical Ladies' Apron. This style is especially nice for gingham, percale, alpaca and brilliantine. The front is cut in panel shape, to form deep pocket sections over the side fronts.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46-inch bust measure. It requires seven and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1822—Ladies' House or Porch Dress. Linen, drill, linene, corduroy, gabardine, serge, taffeta, percale, seersucker, and brilliantine, are also nice for this model. The skirt is a three-piece model. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1989—Girls' Yoke Dress. This model is good for all wash fabrics, for serge, gabardine, velvet, corduroy, taffeta, albatross and cashmere.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

2029—A Pretty Night Dress in "Slip on Style." Batiste, nainsook, lawn, dimity, crossbar-muslin, dotted Swiss, crepe, silk, washable satin, flannel and flannelette are all good for this style.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size will require six yards of 36-inch material.

2059—A Charming Negligee. This model is fine for soft crepes, lawns and organdies. It is also nice for challie, silk, batiste and voile.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, large and extra large. Medium size will require six and one half yards of 36-inch material.

1710—Girls' Apron. Gingham, percale, chambray, lawn, drill, jean, or sateen could be used for this style.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

2018—Girls' One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, mixed quiting, plaid woolen, repp, galatea, gingham, chambray, percale, linen and linene are nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years.

It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1991—Girls' Dress in over-blouse style, with guimpe. The guimpe may be of crepe, batiste, or lawn. The over-blouse dress is good for cashmere, serge, silk, crepe and satin. The sleeve may be made in kimono style, or finished in wrist length.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires one and three quarters yard of 36-inch material for the guimpe, and three and one half yards for the dress, for a 12-year size.

2035—Waist. 2020—Skirt. A Gown with New



Style Features. For the waist one could have pompadour silk and Georgette crepe, while the skirt could be of serge, gabardine, or satin.

Waist 2035 cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Skirt 2020, cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The skirt requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The waist requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Two separate patterns 10c for each pattern.

2012—Girls' One-piece Yoke Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. All wash materials such as linen, chambray, gingham, galatea, crepe and percale are nice for this model. It is also good for plaid and checked suitings, serge and gabardine.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

2021—Ladies' Sport Blouse, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is fine for

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satin, taffeta, flannel, batiste, lawn, linen and other wash fabrics.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1918—Child's Rompers with round collar or square neck outline and with long or short sleeve. Gingham, chambray, drill, galatea, and serge are good for this style. The pattern is composed of a waist and bloomers which may be joined to the waist or buttoned on separately.

Cut in three sizes; two, four and six years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

2034—Ladies' Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Lawn, challie, batiste, crepe, foulard, wash silk, marquisette and voile are nice for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires eight yards of material for a 36-inch size.

2037—Ladies' Shirt-waist, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Striped madras in blue and white is here combined with white linene. The model is good for all wash fabrics, for silk, satin, flannel, crepe and crepe de chine.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1983—Girls' Dress. Blue serge with trimming of blue or black soutache braid would be nice for this model. Plaid or checked suitings, or a combination of either with plain material, is also good.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

2014—Overblouse Dress for Misses and Small Women. This model is nice for serge, and satin combinations, and good for gabardine and crepe. The overdress may be used to wear with any guimpe or underwaist.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires two yards of 36-inch material for the guimpe and three and five eighths yards for the dress, for a 16-year size.

2015—Girls' One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Striped galatea in brown and white, with trimming of white pique is here shown. The model has smart pocket trimmings.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

2016—A New Ladies' Skirt. Broadcloth, serge, satin, foulard, duvetyne, gabardine, linen, corduroy and taffeta are all suitable for this design.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

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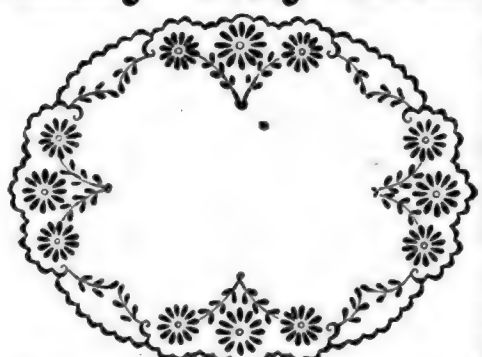
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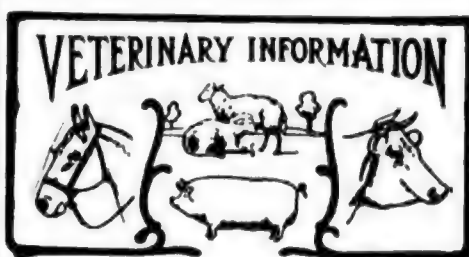
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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

SLIMY MILK.—I have a cow, thirteen years old. She freshened January fourth. Since then, when the milk is separated there is left in the separator bowl what looks like cream, but more sticky. There are no lumps left in the strainer like curd and her udder is not caked. What ails her and is her milk fit to use? Mrs. J. C. K.

A.—Keep a separate sample of milk from each quarter to see if one is affected or are all. In such case an attack of garget may be the cause and if so such milk would be unfit for use. It is more likely however, that bacteria in the milk utensils causes the trouble and you should be very careful to sterilize the vessels by cleansing, scalding and sun drying.

SWELLING.—I have a horse eight years old that had blood poisoning, about four years ago, in the pastern joint of the right front foot. It swelled up and the swelling never went away. It does not hurt him any. I work him every day. At night it grows larger. R. A. G.

A.—Hand rub the swollen part each time the horse comes into the stable and then wrap it with cotton batting and bandage snugly with a flannel bandage over the cotton. This will help if you persist in the treatment.

CRIBBING.—I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and like the information I get from its columns. Please inform me what to do for a horse that is a crib biter. D. M. S.

A.—The vice is incurable when confirmed. Buckle a wide strap fairly tight around the neck just back of the throat latch. Stable the horse in a box stall containing nothing upon which the teeth could be set or the chin rested to practise the habit.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—I have a four-year-old cow that sucks herself. Will you advise me what to do? T. S.

A.—The habit cannot as a rule be cured, but may be stopped by putting a bull ring in the nose and linking two extra rings in the chain by putting a necklace of sharpened pickets upon the neck with the pickets running lengthwise.

LAMENESS.—My horse, six years old, has suddenly gone lame in his left fore foot. It is swollen some between the hoof and ankle. I bathe in hot water and put liniment on the ankle. He is in good condition in every other way. Am not working him and have had the shoe taken off of that foot. Am a subscriber to COMFORT and could not do without it. J. M.

A.—The location of the swelling suggests a ringbone, but without an examination we cannot determine if that is present or the cause of lameness. If you cannot employ a qualified veterinarian clip the hair from the hoof-head and pastern and apply a blister.

WORMS.—My mare, five years old this spring, has large, round stomach worms, large in the middle and pointed at the ends. What will remove them? A. L. O.

A.—These round worms are known as ascaris megalocephala and may be destroyed by mixing in the feed night and morning for a week one tablespoonful of a mixture of equal quantities by weight of powdered copperas, salt and sulphur; then skip ten days and repeat. Omit copperas for a pregnant mare and increase salt and sulphur.

PARALYSIS.—I lost a young heifer about two years old. She got her horns hung in a crack in the stall and lay in a cramped position all night, or a good part of the night. When we found her the next morning she seemed numb in her legs and could not stand up. We called a veterinarian who said she was hurt internally. J. M.

A.—The cow no doubt broke her neck or so injured her spine and spinal cord as to cause the paralysis described and treatment wouldn't avail in such a case.

RHEUMATISM.—I have a dog two years old that has something wrong with his legs. He seems stiff at times, in his hind legs, and at other times in his front legs. The knee joints swell, and when he gets up he howls. He seems all right after he runs. G. F. B.

A.—The symptoms indicate inflammatory rheumatism. Give five grains of salol every three hours at time of attack. Also bathe joints with alcohol and then swathe in cotton batting and bandage. Keep dog out of cold and wet and give him a warm, dry bed.

STOCKED LEGS.—I have a fast track mare, eight years old whose blood is in bad condition. Her legs stock when she stands in the barn for a day. She hasn't been on pasture for two years. When I drive her four or five miles her legs become their normal size. What would you advise me to do with her. She will have pasture next summer. Would you advise a box stall? Will her legs stop stocking if her blood becomes pure once more? R. R. R.

A.—Allow her a roomy box stall but have her work or take active exercise every day. Each time she comes in rub her legs thoroughly, then wrap with cotton batting and bandage snugly. This alone should prove curative but it would also be well to have her teeth put in order by a veterinarian and then the worm powders often prescribed here. The stocking should subside when she regains normal health.

AGE OF FILLY.—How old should a filly be when her first colt is born?

A.—A filly may be bred at two years old if very well developed, but ordinarily it is best not to breed before three years. The foal is carried eleven months.

RABBITS DYING.—I have a mother rabbit with young. A cat killed the father. I would like to know the cause of my rabbits dying. When they were three weeks old I kept the father with them and in the morning one or two would be dead. Sometimes they got weak, fall over and die. Please tell me what to feed them. T. D.

A.—The buck killed the young rabbits as will always be the case if you give him the chance. The buck should always be kept away when the doe has

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young. The little rabbits may be fed clover, lettuce, cabbage, oats, bran and roots.

TAIL RUBBING.—I have a six-year-old horse that rubs the roots of his tail and is also rubbing the hair off his neck. When he has rubbed the hair off there are little blue knots with blue hairs growing in them. M. C.

A.—Have the horse clipped and then do not let him stand for a single day without work or exercise. Scrub affected parts clean and when dry pour on and rub in a mixture of one part of kerosene and three of machine oil or cottonseed oil. Repeat every three days. Sulphur may be mixed with the oil if kerosene alone is not effectual.

SWEATING.—I have a mule seven years old. She sweats freely but does not shed her hair. It is thick and dead looking. E. M. K.

A.—The proper treatment would be to have the mule clipped at once. If you do not care to do that blanket heavily daily and trot her until she sweats, then the hair should loosen and come off quickly adhering to the blanket. Feed flaxseed meal or carrots in addition to grain and hay.

CALLUS.—My mare hurt her right fore leg above the hock, injuring the bone. The wound is well and hair is growing over the scar, but it has left a knot on her leg about the size of a walnut and seems to be composed of bone and gristle. Can this be taken off? She does not appear to be lame, but it will ruin the sale of her. M. F. H.

A.—The callous or "knot" might be cut out by a veterinarian but it is unlikely that medicinal treatment will help. We should advise leaving it alone.

LAMENESS.—What is good for a four-year-old horse that is strained in cannon joint? Subscriber. **A.**—It would be practically impossible to diagnose such an injury but if chronic foot lameness is present a blister applied to the hoof-head after clipping off the hair may do some good. Use a mixture of two drams each of powdered cantharides and biniodide of mercury and three ounces of lard.

HEAVES.—My horse had a long drive about three weeks ago and has had a cough since then. He jerks as though taking the heaves. E. S.

A.—The long drive probably brought on heaves which was not apparent but coming on before. Give him half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning. Wet all feed. Let him live on grass, without hay, as soon as it is ready.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

am, would perhaps be the better way of putting it, said the stranger, with bitter irony. Look here; perhaps this will tell you better than any other form of introduction, she added, almost fiercely, as, with one hand, she snatched the cap off her child's head and then turned his face toward Edith.

The startled girl involuntarily uttered a cry of mingled surprise and dismay, for, in face and form and bearing, she beheld—a miniature Emil Correll!

For a moment she was speechless, thrilled with greater loathing for the man than she had ever before experienced, as a suspicion of the truth flashed through her brain.

Then she lifted her astonished eyes to the woman, to find her regarding her with a look of mingled curiosity, hatred and triumph.

"The boy is—his child?" Edith murmured at last.

"Yes you see—you understand," she said, at last; "any one would know that Correll is his father."

"And you—" Edith breathed in a scarcely audible voice, while she began to tremble with a secret hope.

"I am the child's mother—yes," the girl returned, with a look of despair of her dusky orbs.

"Then, of course, you are Emil Correll's wife," Edith cried; "you have come to tell me this—to tell me that I am free from the hateful tie which I supposed bound me to him? Oh, I thank you! I thank you!"

"You thank me?"

"Yes, a thousand times."

"Ha! and you say the tie that binds you to him is hateful?" whispered the strange woman.

"More hateful than I can express," said Edith.

"And you do not—love him?"

"Love him? Oh, no!"

"Ah, it is I who do not understand now!" exclaimed Edith's visitor, with a look of perplexity.

"Let me tell you," said the young girl, drawing nearer and speaking rapidly. "I was Mrs. Goddard's companion, and quite happy and content with my work until he—her villainous brother—came. Ah, perhaps I shall wonder how I say more," she interposed, and breaking off suddenly, as she saw her companion wince.

"No, no; go on," commanded her guest, imperatively.

"Well, Monsieur Correll began to make love to me and to persecute me with his attentions soon after he came here. He proposed marriage to me some weeks ago, and I refused to listen to him—"

"You refused him?"

"Why, yes, certainly; I did not love him; I would not marry any one whom I could not love," Edith replied, with a little scornful curl of her lips at the astonished interruption, which had betrayed that her guest thought no girl could be indifferent to the charms of the man whom she so adored.

"He was offended," Edith resumed, "and insisted that he would not take my refusal as final. When I finally convinced him that I meant what I had said, he and his sister plotted together to accomplish their object, and make me his wife by strategy. Madam planned a winter frolic at her country residence; she wrote the play of which you have an account in that paper; she chose her characters and it was rehearsed to perfection. At the last moment, on the evening of its presentation before her friends, she removed the two principal characters—telling me that they had been called home by a telegram—and substituted her brother and me in their places. She did not even tell me who was to take the gentleman's place—she simply said a friend; it was all done so hurriedly there was no time, apparently, for explanations. And then—oh! it is too horrible to think of!" interposed Edith, bringing her hands together with a despairing gesture, "she had that ordained minister come on the stage and legally marry us. From beginning to end it was all a fraud."

"Stop girl! and swear that you are telling me the truth!" cried her strange companion.

"Oh, I would give the world if it were not true!" Edith exclaimed. "If the last scene in that drama had never been enacted, or if I could have been warned in time of the treachery of which I was being made the victim!"

"Suppose you had been warned!" demanded her guest, clutching her arm with painful force, "would you have dared refuse to do their bidding?"

"Would I have dared refuse?" exclaimed Edith, drawing herself haughtily erect. "No power on earth could have made me marry that man."

"I don't know! I don't know! He is rich, handsome, talented," muttered the other. "Will you swear that it was fraud—that you did not know you were being married to him? Do not try to lie to me," she went on, warningly. "I came here this afternoon with a heart full of bitter hatred toward you; in my soul I believe I was almost a murderer. But—if you also are the victim of a bad man's perfidy, then we have a common cause."

"I have told you only the truth," responded Edith, gravely. "Monsieur Correll was utterly repulsive to me, and I never could have consented to marry him, under any circumstances. I know he is considered handsome—I know he is rich and talented; but all that would be no temptation to me—I could never sell myself for fortune or position. I am very sorry if you have been made unhappy because of me," she went on gently; "but I have not willfully wronged you in any way. And if you have come here to tell me that you are Monsieur Correll's wife, you have saved me from a fate I abhorred—and I shall be—I am free! and I shall bless you as long as I live!"

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Tunneling to School

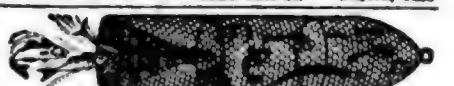
In the northwestern part of the state of Washington there is a little town called Tye that has the queerest road to school in all the world. It is a very snowy region and also very hilly and frequently large drifts will pile up to a height of thirty or forty feet. Obviously, no boy could trudge through soft snow of that depth, even though he did have a pair of hip boots on, so the city officials constructed a wooden tunnel connecting the homes of the nine pupils with the tiny school. No matter how hard it snows or blows, they can go in peace and comfort to the institution of learning and no lad can stay away and then give an excuse that his mother kept him home because it was too stormy. It is true there is not much chance for indulging in the time-honored sport of snowballing but perhaps some future administration will take care of that deficiency. Sometimes, when the town is snow-bound and the houses literally buried, the tunnels are used, by citizens, as a means of communication.

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The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CHAPTER VIII BLUEBERRIES.

PITTSYING and Simmie-Sammie were going blueberrying, up beyond the Pine Tree on the Hill. You remember they couldn't go farther north than this tree unless their mother said they might. But now, blueberries were ripe, and she had told them they might go after some if they would be very careful not to get lost.

"If you get enough berries, I'll make them into a pie," she promised.

"We'll get enough for 'leven-two pies! What you s'pect?" asked Simmie-Sammie.

"Oh, mamma!" said Pittsy. "Prob'ly you don't know how thick the berries are up there. We plan to get you all you want, and then sell some. Why, I'm going to take the five-quart pail, and Simmie-Sammie's going to take the two-quart one. And we'll both take pint dippers to pick in."

Their mother laughed, but said they might if they liked, and kissed them both good-by.

"I'll ring the big bell when it's dinner-time if you're not home before then," she told them.

They started off happily, the pint dippers rattling in the tin pails as they skipped along.

They were not the first ones to reach the blueberry bushes, though they didn't see anyone else. The Dapperlings were there, having a merry time, pelting each other with the berries, and filling their little baskets.

"Hide, hide! the children are coming," called Skippywink, who had been sitting on the fence, keeping watch. "They're coming for berries, for they have pails. We'll have some fun with them!"

"We'll set our pails right down here by the fence," Pittsy said, "where we'll be sure not to lose them. Just LOOK at those berries over there! Thick as spatter! Let's see who'll get their dipper full first, Simmie-Sammie."

Pittsy worked fast, and was not long in filling her dipper with the pretty blue balls.

"Such a lot," she thought with pride. But when she poured them into the five-quart pail, they didn't seem like so many.

She looked around for Simmie-Sammie, and found him lying on his stomach with his feet in the air, and an empty dipper before him.

"Why haven't you been picking berries?" she demanded.

Simmie-Sammie jumped up and showed a face with suspicious blue streaks around the mouth.

"I did," he said, "a whole lot of 'em—but I spilled 'em."

"Oh—you did? That was too bad. I'll help you pick 'em up. Where are they?" And she began looking on the ground.

"I—I spilled 'em down my neck—through my mouth!"

"Well, there! I didn't s'pose you'd be such a piggy! And you know we want to sell some and buy that little set of garden tools at the store. If I buy 'em alone, I shall use 'em alone! But then, you're only just a baby!" she added, with fine scorn.

"I ain't a baby! You'll see! I'm a-goin' to pick my whole pail full in a minute—quicker'n YOU could do it!"

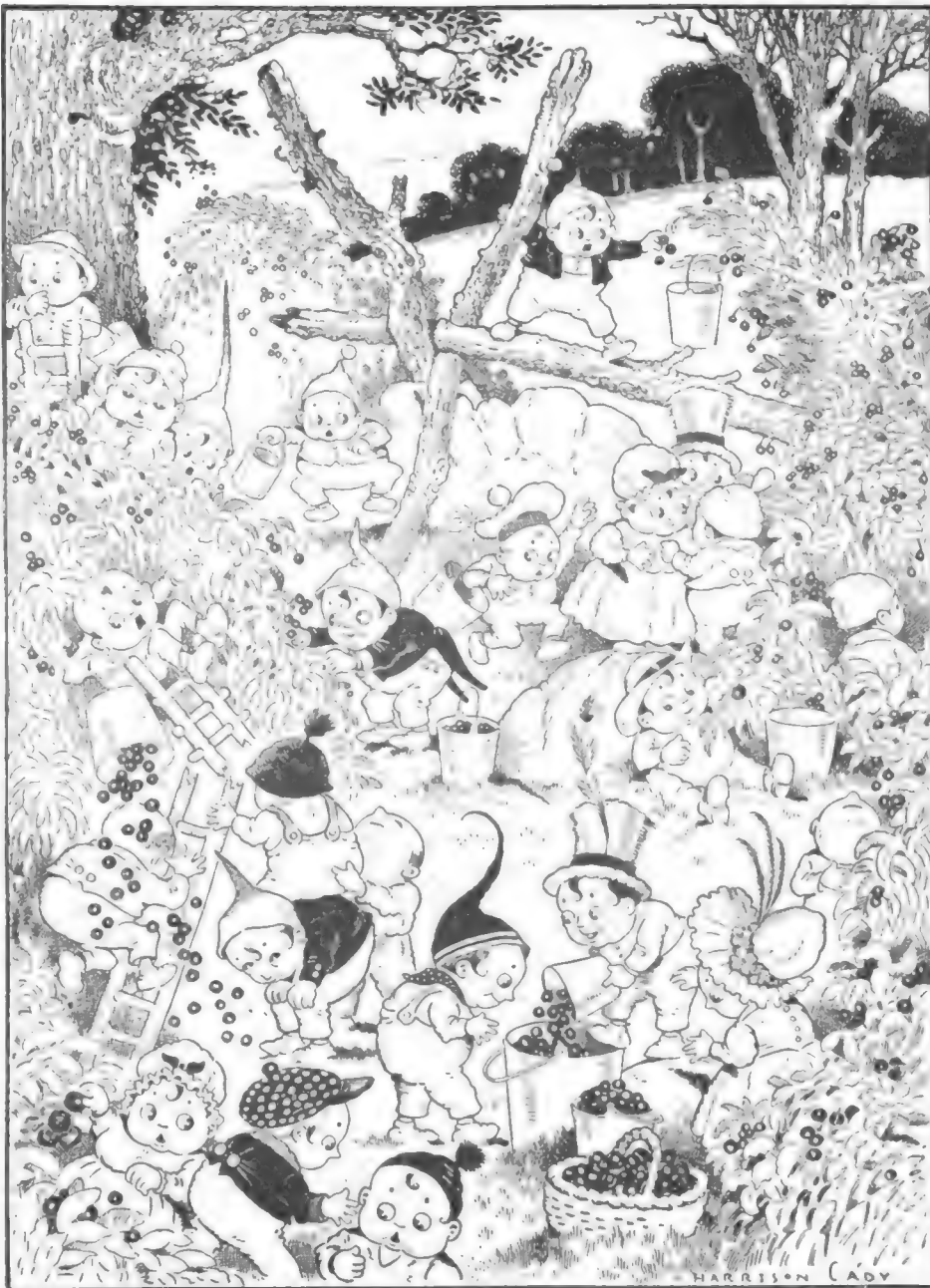
"Come on, then, and if I get my dipper full first, I'll help you fill yours before we empty them."

When the children's backs were turned, the Smallest Dapperling of All came out from behind a bush with her little basket heaped with blueberries, and running to Pittsy's pail, turned her berries into it. Then Zipzang did the same, and Skippywink turned his into Simmie-Sammie's pail.

"If that's what you call having fun," scoffed Niddy-Nod, "all right, but I shan't help. I'll have a nap instead." So he curled himself up in one end of a hollow log, and went to sleep.

The other Dapperlings worked away with a will, keeping out of the children's sight, though

EXPLANATORY.—This story tells the strange things that happen to five-year-old Simmie-Sammie and his sister Pittsy, nearly two years older, through the sly pranks of Nattie, the "Smallest Dapperling of All." The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elflike beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. For this reason their queer little houses are always built into the hill-side, and are so made, with doors and windows in front and grass growing on the backs, that they can be turned around to face out when the Dapperlings are by themselves; but as soon as anybody comes in sight the houses are whirled around so that only the grass-covered backs are seen and, as these look like the rest of the hill, you would never know the houses were there. They also have an underground assembly hall with an opening in the top covered with moss and concealed in a clump of thistles.



AFTER THE CHILDREN HAD GONE HOME, THE DAPPERLINGS PICKED SOME BERRIES FOR THEMSELVES.

they almost got caught. Why, Nattie had to stand behind the fence post by the children's pails, and hold her skirts tight around her, to keep from being seen, when the children came to empty their dippers.

"Thought you didn't have any berries in your pail!" Pittsy exclaimed.

"I didn't!" Simmie-Sammie answered.

"But they're here!" They certainly were. Real berries, as Pittsy found by picking some up in her hand.

The two children looked at each other with puzzled faces.

Skippywink, watching them from a little bush near by, felt a laugh coming, and tried to hold it back by pressing both hands over his mouth. But the laugh wouldn't be kept back; it burst out, and the children heard it.

"What was that?" they both asked, speaking together. And they looked more puzzled than ever.

"'Twas somebody a-laughing," said Simmie-Sammie, "and there ain't nobody to laugh. Guess I'll go home."

"Aw, come along and pick some more berries! Who's afraid? Just think how much you like

blueberry pies! And maybe mamma'll make us some turnovers. Won't that be nice?"

So Simmie-Sammie went back to pick some more berries, but he kept pretty close to his sister.

With two children and nobody knows how many Dapperlings hard at work, the berries piled up fast.

It was exciting work. The children didn't understand it.

Pittsy measured the distance from the top of the berries to the top of the pail with a little stick. Then, when she came back next time with her dipper full, she measured again, before turning her berries in, and there were certainly more berries than before.

"Tell you what it is," she said, "I b'lieve the sunshine makes 'em keep right on growing after they're picked, same's it does while they're on the bushes. You wouldn't think so, but it must."

"MAYBE there's some 'east in 'em!" Simmie-Sammie guessed.

"What you mean?"

"Why, you know—'east cake, like what mamma puts into her dough—makes it wise up bigger, till it's weddy to bake into bread."

It was fun for the Dapperlings. They were kind-hearted little people, and liked to help.

The children never thought of being hungry, and were surprised when they heard the big dinner-bell ring out its loud "Ding-dong! Ding-dong!"

"Oh, we can't go just yet! Your pail's all full, and it'll only take a few minutes to finish filling mine. Pick FAST, Simmie-Sammie."

"Tell you what I'm a-goin' to do, Pittsy," said Simmie-Sammie, "I'm goin' to bwing a pail up here, an' leave it, an' see if it won't fill up its own self, all alone."

Both pails were full, heaping, so the berries almost rolled off, when the dinner-bell rang again. The children started for home, but the big pail was almost more than Pittsy could manage. She carried it a few steps, and then had to set it down to rest. They didn't get along very fast that way, and were not half way home when their father came out to meet them, thinking they might not have heard the bell.

Oh, but their mother and father were astonished at the quantity of berries they had!

"However could you pick so many?" asked their mother admiringly, putting an arm around each of them.

"Pittsy thought 'twas the b'light sun maked 'em grow, but I told her maybe 'twas 'east cakes. But I guess, after all, 'twas just 'cause we was SO smart!" Simmie-Sammie boasted.

"Now we're going to sell some, and buy that little set of garden tools," Pittsy said.

"Let mamma keep the berries, papa told them, 'and I'll buy two sets of garden tools, one for each of you.'"

"And I'll make you some blueberry turnovers," mamma promised.

After the children had gone home, the Dapperlings picked some berries for themselves, singing as they worked,

"Oh, the Dap-Dapperling—the Dapperling-ling! He may be, perhaps is a queer little thing! But he likes to be helpful, and friendly, and true, And what better thing might a BIG body do?"

Niddy-Nod, in the hollow log, kept on sleeping. The others all went home. When he woke, it was dark night.

Far overhead the stars were shining, bright little pin-points of gold. Somewhere near by, a whippoorwill was calling, over and over, "Whip poor will!" While a big-eyed owl, pretended not to understand, kept asking dismally, "Who? who? who?"

"Pretty good bed here, and plenty of nice, fresh air," thought Niddy-Nod. "Guess I'll go to sleep again." And he didn't get home until breakfast time next morning.

The Dapperlings get a dreadful scare at a moonlight party. Don't miss it with big colored illustration in JUNE COMFORT.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

lessons on the piano and forty-three on the violin; my sister is playing the piano now and Theodore and Irving are dancing.

My sister is eighteen years old and my brother twenty-one. Irving is nineteen years old. He lives in Peoria, too.

Hoping to hear from some of the cousins, I am,
Your loving niece,
VELORA AUDREY CHANDLER.

Thank you Velora, for your chatty letter which throws quite a strong sidelight on life in high sasslety. My heart gets all torn to bits and all jagged and sore from perusing letters from the sick, poor and unfortunate, and so it was quite a relief to come across a letter from a young lady of wealth. The whole world is ready to share its troubles with you, but it takes mighty good care never to share its joys. I have a few wealthy acquaintances, but I never have had, and never expect to have, a rich friend. There is one redeeming thing about poverty, it keeps people human. If you want to spoil a thoroughly good man or woman, put riches in their way. The man who said that few people could stand prosperity was some wise guy all right. There is another thing to be said about poor people, if they have only a crust most of them are ready to share it with you. One touch of poverty makes the whole world kin, while one touch of wealth too often makes a big part of the world foolish and snobbish. Wealth is a glorious thing however, when people know how to use it, and it's an awful curse when they don't. So, Velora, you get awfully tired of riding on those slow trains in Europe did you? As a matter of fact my dear, the trains in Europe maintain a higher rate of speed than they do in the United States. Over there when they build a railroad, it's a railroad. Over here you can't make people believe they have been riding on a railroad unless they are thrown thirty feet into the air every ten seconds, and find themselves in a ditch with a locomotive on their chest at the end of the journey. I met a lady who had been traveling in Europe and I asked her how she liked the railroads. She poked her nose scornfully in the air and said: "Railroads! Why they don't know anything about railroading. Nothing exciting about traveling over there. I was riding around for six

months and never had a single smash up. I was hoping I would get banged about a bit so I could sue some road for damages but they never gave me a chance." You have quite a lot of motors in your family Velora. If Mr. Ford does not mention you and your family in his prayers he is a very ungrateful man. So, Velora, you don't know even how to dress yourself or comb your hair. Well, my dear, we can shake hands on the hair dressing business, for I haven't combed my hair in twenty years, and for a very good reason—I haven't any to comb. I advise you young lady, to learn how to dress yourself, for if you were staying in a hotel some night and it caught fire and your maid got scared, and didn't wait to dress you, and the fireman was so busy he could not find a barrel, just think what an awful predicament you would be in. Some day, Velora, this is going to be a really, truly, democratic country. There won't be any poor girls to do up rich little girls' hair. Just think, too, if Prince Doodlesocks were waiting in the drawing-room (it is only poor people who have parlors) to see you and Lila had gone on strike and wouldn't do up your hair and you

couldn't do it up, whatever would you do? If the prince saw you with your wool all tied in knots, and your mouth full of curling irons and hairpins, he might beat it to the woods and your chance for buying a title might be gone forever. Yes, I like music my dear, but I can't see why you go to the trouble of taking violin and piano lessons. Why not have Lila do it for you? When a certain Chinese Ambassador was attending a ball in Paris, he was asked what he thought of the dancing. He said he supposed it was all right, but there was one thing that stuck in his oriental mind and seemed incomprehensible to him. He simply could not understand why it was that people should go to all that trouble and exertion when they had plenty of servants around to do it for them. Take a tip from me Velora, and when there is any tangoing to be done, get your maid to do it.

ELLENWOOD, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a country boy nearly seventeen years old, five feet ten inches tall, large feet and hands, with long slim fingers, brown hair which is brushed back in a

Uncle Charlie's Home Fund

UNCLE CHARLIE reports \$339.00, donations and subscriptions, contributed to his Home Fund by 627 persons during the month of March. This brings the total of the fund on April first up to \$1,480.00 contributed by 2,175 friends of his.

A subscriber, who is far from being wealthy, writes from North Carolina saying that he is disgusted at the slow growth of the fund and asks me to print his appeal for every friend of Uncle Charlie to contribute 25 cents toward the fund at once so that the home may be bought by the fourth of July. He proved his own generosity by enclosing his check for \$5.00—twenty times what he asks others to give. He prefers not to have his name published.

Again let me remind you how you can help:

1. By cash donations.
2. By purchasing Uncle Charlie's books (see advertisement.)
3. Those who cannot spare the money for a

cash donation or for purchase of his books can contribute by getting subscriptions to COMFORT in aid of the "Uncle Charlie Benefit Fund" and instead of taking the club premium or cash commission themselves direct that it be credited to the fund. In such cases I will pay over to Uncle Charlie one half of the subscription price of all subscriptions sent for this purpose. The regular cash commission on COMFORT subscriptions is 40 per cent, but for Uncle Charlie's Benefit Fund I will allow 50 per cent. Another way to help him and benefit yourself is to get up a subscription club and take one of his books as your premium.

In one or other of these ways every COMFORT reader who wishes to do so can help swell the fund for Uncle Charlie which has my hearty approval and will have my assistance.

Send all contributions to Charles Noel Douglas, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

pompadour style. My eyes are gray and are separated by a nose which is not small. At present I am attending school and am in the tenth grade. Friday instead of having our usual English lesson we select a subject and write a theme of about five hundred words. The theme is then discussed and criticized in class. I live on a farm fifteen miles from the capital of Georgia. The farm is south of Atlanta, the state capital. On our farm we have mules to pull the plows, cows to give us milk, butter, chickens and ducks. Also we grow wheat, corn, and oats besides cotton, therefore, we do not have to buy our food for the stock and ourselves.

I can do anything, I suppose that any one else my age can do on the farm except milking, but I can get part of the milk into the pail. But when it comes to working in the field, I can do my part, and in the cooking room, I know how to get up and cook a good meal, and when on the road I know how to drive a horse, or mule, and a Ford auto.

Be sure and come down here about August, and I will let you sit in a cool, shady place by the side of a branch, and see how the farm is managed, and when you were tired of watching you can read.

With love to all, Your nephew,

ABNER FRUETT.

With large hands and an aggressive nose Abner, and keen gray eyes, nature seems to have provided you with most of the essentials for a successful career. Large hands with long, slim fingers, ought to enable you to get more than your share of the pie. Of course I don't want to teach you to be selfish but everyone is considered a failure in this life unless he can reach out and grab more than he is entitled to—the other fellow's share as well as his own. Heart disease is increasing at an alarming rate. Doctors say it is the stress of modern life that is breaking down the cardiac machinery. As usual they are wrong. Hearts are broken because their owners failed to grab everything that was in sight. John D. has stomach trouble, but not heart disease. He got all that he reached for and more too, your share as well as mine. If there is anything he did not get I'd like to know where it is, so I congratulate you on your hands. I am glad to know that your eyes are separated by your nose, as you'd look a queer proposition if, instead of being separated your eyes had become joined together. You would not have much chance dodging automobiles and looking for submarines with one eye. Most farmers need at least

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Play Piano In One Hour For One Cent

A Postal Card Brings It to You Free.

Would you give a penny to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening? Impossible? No, not at all. Hundreds of thousands of others who never played before played their first piece in just a few minutes. THEN WHY CAN'T YOU? John H. Ferguson, Acme, Alta., Canada, says: "I was not a little amazed when I found I could play in a few minutes." C. Pittmann, Memo, Okla., says: "Have two children, one is 12 and the other 10, who in a very few minutes could play it well, and they did not know one note from another in the old music." V. R. Perkins, Romney, Ind., says: "I studied 'Easy Form' music fifteen minutes and then started to play." Thousands of similar reports are in our files. Doesn't this convince you that you can play by this wonderful new method? Any child can now understand and play music without previous knowledge. No teacher. No tedious instructions by mail.

If you can't play the piano or organ, send a postcard today, stating the number of white keys on your instrument and we will mail you 100 pieces of the World's Sweetest Music, regular sheet music size, together with instructions that will enable you to play any one of the pieces in one evening. If you can play at the end of 5 days you pay only \$1.50 and \$1.50 a month for 6 months or mail the music back to us and owe nothing. All you need do is simply send your name and address to Easy Method Music Co., 200 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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are costly at any price when you can own a 1917 BUICK TOURING CAR without a cent of cost by spending an hour each day for a few weeks, representing us among your friends, neighbors and acquaintances. NO EXPERIENCE OR BOND REQUIRED. ANYONE can do the little work required. Opera Petit, 11-year-old, of Iowa, earned an auto under our plan. E. C. Gullett, 17-year-old farmer boy, of Mississippi, earned touring car in 16 days. We can give you names and addresses of dozens of others who have done likewise. Write for free information. Auto Tom, 509 South 17th St., Omaha, Neb.

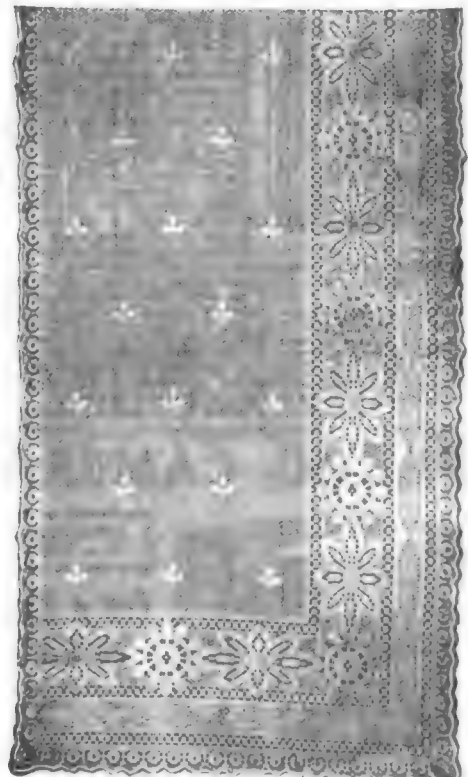
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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. If this is satisfactory pay postmaster \$1.25 to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If not satisfactory return at our expense and money refunded. Only 10,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quickly and send no money.

KAUTH & REED, DEPT. 24,
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address, initials only, or a fictitious name. If requested, we will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. A. Vamossa, Okla.—Before proceeding with your invention find out by writing to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., to know if there is no one ahead of you. If the field is clear, the real work begins of finding some one to take it up with you and develop and manufacture. There are firms which will take up a good thing, but usually the inventor has to take what they will give and have no further interest in it. In a big thing, the inventor has a better chance. In other words his proposition is too great for him to be ignored, though some of the most important inventions have not brought money to their inventors. The average inventor has a hard row to hoe and we are almost sorry that you have got your mind turned that way.

Pappoose, Comptche, Cal.—Write to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., for the Indian word meaning "multiply," but you must state what tribe of Indians, as no two tribes have the same language, though all the tribes are Indians in the general sense.

R. A. P., Kent, Wash.—It is somewhat confusing to locate the compass points of the Panama Canal, as, although it connects the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, its course is north and south, with Colon at the Atlantic terminus and Panama at the Pacific, and yet Colon is a little to the westward of Panama. However, as the Atlantic is the eastern ocean and the Pacific the western, Colon on the Atlantic side is properly the eastern terminus of the Canal. Get out your map and study the situation.

Mrs. N. E., Washington, Pa.—Tin foil can be sold if you can get enough of it for a junk dealer to bother with. Small lots at irregular intervals cannot be handled. If you can go with ten or a dozen pounds at a time, you may do some business. Talk to a local junk dealer or one in Pittsburgh.

S. W. D., Albany, Ky.—Easter is the festival in commemoration of the Resurrection of Christ and is said to have derived its name from the festival of the Anglo-Saxon goddess, Eastre.—Tentonic, Ostara—which the old Saxons celebrated about the same time of the Christian festival. In the second century a dispute arose between the Eastern and Western churches over the proper time for celebrating Easter, the Eastern celebrating on the 14th of the first month, or noon, and the Western on the Sunday after the 14th, the 14th being the date of the Jewish Passover when Christ was crucified. The Council of Nice in 325 A. D. upheld the Western churches and this date has remained, making it a movable feast, Easter falling on the first Sunday after the paschal full moon, that is the full moon happening on or next after the 21st of March, the day on which the sun crosses the equator. By this reckoning Easter, following the forty days of Lent, falls on a Sunday varying from March 21st to April 25th.

Mrs. C. Remer, Minn.—Morally you should have either the land promised or its equivalent in money for the work you did for your father, but legally we can only advise that you consult a lawyer who can familiarize himself with all the details. If you can possibly settle the matter by mutual agreement, the amount at issue is not really enough for all the expense and the bitterness resulting from litigation.

F. Webb City, Mo.—There is a sale for butterflies of various kinds and if you will make inquiries of Fulda, Butterfly Shop, No. 812 Broadway, New York City, you may get information that will be worth something to you before the butterfly season is over. Other COMFORT butterfly chasers take notice.

E. C., Greenwood, Ark.—The usual sized sheet on which stories are written is eight and one half by eleven inches, but the size of the sheet has nothing to do with the quality of the writing and we advise you not to attempt story writing on any sized sheet until you have learned how to write and spell English.

H. A., Jackson, Mo.—Sun dials to be any good at all cannot be made the size of a watch to be carried in the pocket. To get the time by sun dial at all correctly, the dial must be big enough for the sun to shine on and it must be accurately placed by sun measurements requiring more or less mathematical and astronomical skill. Inquire by letter of the Professor of Astronomy at State University, Columbia, for detailed information to give to those who are asking you for pocket sun dials.

Mrs. A. W., De Soto, Mo.—Really, madam, you should read your COMFORT more closely and you would not spend money on postage inquiring for reliable firms who deal in old coins and stamps. Write to our advertisers and not to us for information as we are not experts and they are. Other COMFORT coin inquirers please do likewise.

M. P., Jonesboro, Ark.—The only way to tell a genuine Strad is by remembering that all in existence are believed to be known and held carefully by their owners as rare treasures and a Strad cannot possibly come your way. If there should happen to be one anywhere not known, you may be sure it would have no inscription in it. It is strange that after all we have said about these fake violins with great names in them, that you still rather believe the fake inscription than believe us. We are sorry that you so love to be fooled by fakes as to lose your funds. P. S. A genuine Strad is worth about anything that its owner might want for it, say, five thousand dollars or such a matter. Some of the fakes are not bad at all and may be worth anywhere from five dollars to twenty-five dollars.

Ignorance, Fisher, Ark.—Ask your Lutheran friends why they will not dance on certain days of the year, but still do not object to dancing on Sundays. It is not a matter of religion, but church government and observance to hold certain days and seasons aloof from worldly affairs and every denomination has its own special days and observances. Sunday is a day all Christian churches observe, but no two of them observe it exactly alike and each one believes it does it properly. One reason that there are no denominations recognized in heaven is that if they were, pious people would not be any better there than they are here.

Mrs. Lester Deeds, R. R. 1, Big Rapids, Mich.—When some COMFORT reader used to send her old-fashioned onion like they used to raise, only from in grandfather's days. The price of onions is not so high now as it was, so no ulterior motives can be charged against the lady. Besides, Mrs. D. is willing to buy the onions if anybody has any to sell. Write direct to her and not to COMFORT.

Mrs. L. K., Avondale, Mont.—If your horse which you had turned out for exercise wandered over on to your neighbor's farm and there fell into a hole and killed itself, we hardly think you have much of a chance to get damages at law, because your horse had no right on your neighbor's land.

Mrs. Lillie Lockwood, 811 East 7th St., Pittsburgh, Pa., would like to learn from some COMFORT reader living near the Everglades, Florida, how far south of Lake Okechobee land has been drained and cultivated. Write direct to her.

M. S., Madison, Conn.—You may think you have been reading COMFORT closely, but you have not, for we have more than once announced in this column that a copyright was governmental or legal protection for an author's writings in any form and that copyright might be secured by applying to Librarian of Congress, Copyright Division, Washington, D. C., for the necessary blanks.

Mrs. J. C., San Antonio, Texas.—We are not informed as to date, and age of the members of families of public men, national or state, and we suggest that you should write direct to such as you want to know about, and if they think the inquiry is perfectly proper they will give you the information direct. Enclose postage for reply, as it is not public or official business.

J. F. M., Minco, Okla.—We suppose the old paper you mention as in your possession and bearing date 1800 is The Ulster County Gazette thousands of copies of which were made from the original and used all over the country as advertising matter. The copy has no value, unless somebody wants to give you a nickel for it. COMFORT readers please make a note of this.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by subscribers. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

All names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. H. F. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, his widow would receive dower and a third interest for life in his real estate and a child's part absolutely in his personal property, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share. We think the husband's children of a former marriage have the same inheritance rights as the husband's children by the surviving widow.

M. M. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that neither husband nor wife can, without written consent of the other, bequeath away from the other more than one half of his or her property, we think, however, that this can be done on consent; we think children can be disinherited, by will, in your state.

Mrs. C. B., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, his widow, after payment of debt and expenses, would receive one third in value of his real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

Mrs. N. B. R., West Virginia.—We do not think that the purchaser of real estate, who fails to record his deed, can enforce his title to the property against a subsequent purchaser, who purchases without notice, for a valuable consideration; we think, however, that such deed would be good as between the purchaser and his grantor, and that the purchaser would be entitled to damages from his grantor for such resale of the property.

Mrs. E. P. J., Colorado.—We think that the entailing of real estate beyond certain limitations is forbidden by the laws of all the states of the United States.

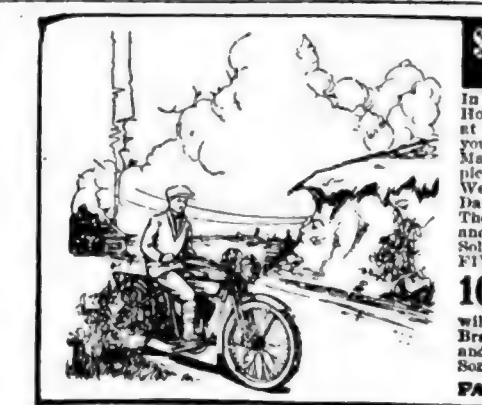
Mrs. F. V. A., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman can legally execute a will giving her husband a life estate in all of her property, and that in case he survives her, and receives such an interest in her estate, he could thereafter dispose of same, but he could dispose of no greater interest in the estate than he himself possessed, and the persons entitled under the will to the remainder of the estate would be the children, entitled to receive same upon his death. We think there is a Federal inheritance tax affecting net estates above fifty thousand dollars, and in your state we think there is a state inheritance tax affecting net estates above two hundred and fifty dollars, where the property goes to persons other than the parents, husband or wife, children or lineal descendants, stepchildren, adopted children, or the wife or widow of a son.

J. R., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the widow would receive one half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate absolutely, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers, sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left, if no kindred we think the whole of the real estate would go to the surviving widow.

J. V., Wyoming.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that if you can substantiate, by the proper evidence, that undue influence was exercised upon your grandfather in connection with his making his will, you would have a legal right to contest such will.

A Subscriber, Vermont.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would be entitled to an allowance as a homestead of a value of five hundred dollars in the dwelling house, outbuildings, and lands used in connection therewith, and such certain allowances from the personal estate as the probate court may allow her not to exceed three hundred dollars, she would also be entitled to dower of a one third interest for life in the balance of the real estate, and one third of the balance of the personal property absolutely, subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the child, regardless of the fact that such child is the child of decedent by a former marriage. We do not think the dower right of the wife can be barred by the husband's will unless some provision for her be made in the will in lieu of dower.

E. M., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and ten children, the husband would be entitled to an estate by curtesy in the real estate of a one half interest for life, and one half of her personal estate absolutely, the remainder going in equal shares to the children; we think the estate by curtesy in the real estate cannot be defeated by will, but that the husband's interest in the personal property can be cut off.



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CHICAGO TAILORS' ASSOCIATION
Dept. 617, 515 So. Franklin Street, Chicago.

Mrs. H. B. V., N. C.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that it would have been wise for you to have crossed out your endorsement on the check you mention before returning same to the maker. It is, however, inconceivable to me that he would be so dishonest as to attempt to show that you used this check. Of course, if he did do this, the issue would then become one of fact and the side presenting the best case would win.

Mrs. C. E. T., Ohio.—We think that if the sister-in-law of the man you mentioned, refused to carry out her agreement with him, made at the time he decided his interest in the property to her, this man should bring an action against her to compel her to carry out her agreement or return to him his interest in the property.

Mrs. J. S. M., Pittsburg, Pa.—Upon your statements we think that the young ladies you mention can compel the legal representative of their mother's estate to render a court accounting as to the money left them under their mother's will. Of course, in such accounting, such representative of the estate would be allowed to charge against the minors' estate, such bills as were legally incurred and would receive from such minors' estate, reimbursement for such proper payments as has been made by him in behalf of such infants. Just as to whether this money could be applied toward the support and maintenance of these children would depend upon the terms of the will and if under the terms of this will, the children were not entitled to receive or have applied to their benefit any of this money until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years, we think that such legal representative made a mistake in so applying it except under the order or the judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction.

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Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the most freckled have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Pair Of Turkish Towels

Premium No. 7323
For Three Subscriptions
AFTER bathing there is nothing quite so fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel. The towels we offer here are the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, in kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the thick, heavy fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are genuine Turkish towels—not the imitation kind—and are 17 inches wide and 36 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of one pair of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special Club Offer. For results of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7323. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

\$310 Harley-Davidson Motorcycle
FIRST GRAND PRIZE
In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out the picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a \$310 1917 Harley-Davidson Motorcycle, as First Grand Prize, and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. There will be no losers. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately toward the \$310.00 Harley-Davidson Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away twelve 1917 model Cushman 400.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the motorcycle. Someone will win motorcycle. WHY NOT YOU?
FARM LIFE, Box 155 SPENCER, IND.

Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to put this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

R. E. H., Eaton Rapids, Mich.—We are not apologizing for anything we may have said about the greenness of eighteen-year-old boys, especially in love matters, which has mildly hurt your feelings. We will print your letter spelled, etc., as you have it, and leave it to COMFORT readers to say whether they want any better testimony for our side. Here it is: "Etiquette Editor: Having read your article on the advisability of a girl of twenty going with a boy of eighteen I disagree on one point, that is the fact that a boy of eighteen being the greenest thing that grows in a girl's garden. I am eighteen years of age and if I am green I would like to know by what standards you judge green timber. In this stage of the game if a young man of eighteen is the greenest timber when under heavens name will this ban of a young man's life be lifted from his shoulders. If I am green now will you please tell me when I will be seasoned enough to be attractive to the girls. We would like to say that the 'ban' you mention may be removed in five or six years, though it may take ten; but as to when you will be sufficiently seasoned, the Lord only knows.

Gray Squirrel, Spartansburg, S. C.—You write: "I know that after a lady becomes engaged she should demand a ring." We beg your pardon. What you don't know is the meaning of the word "demand." A demand suggests force and if young men are to be forced to give engagement rings after proposals, then there will be no more proposals. If you have a demand a ring from your young man, now is the time to break the engagement. However, as you don't mean that, we may say to you that if you really love the young man who is working his way through college and is having no easy job of it, you will not make it any harder for him by demanding an engagement ring at present. But the only way you can think of to encourage him and help him? Why don't you think about him a little, instead of giving all your thought to yourself? Did you ever try that? No? Then try it.

Greenhorn, Warren, Ark.—Well, well, we didn't know there was a lady in the land who didn't know which finger the engagement ring went on. Try the third finger of the left hand, the one next to the little finger, you know. Left hand, remember, because that is next to the heart.

Two Girls, Floyd, Va.—In a properly regulated correspondence, letters should be answered promptly, that is, within a couple of weeks. If the correspondence is irregular, each writer should wait as long as the other waits before answering. This will end the correspondence if either is writing merely to be writing. (2) The lady may do as she pleases about shaking hands as part of the introduction, but it is more friendly to shake hands.

Kena, Longhorns, N. C.—At thirty you have a Biblical chance to live forty years, and if you think this young woman, for whom you have already waited a long time, because she was a good daughter to her aged parents and sacrificed herself for them, is not worth waiting another year for, leaving you thirty-nine years of happiness, then by all means don't waste that precious year by longer waiting. Marry some other woman and see if the thirty-nine years will be what they would have been if you had waited. Take this advice or not, as you please, but you get our blessing with only one woman and you know who she is.

Dot, Ft. Smith, Ark.—The lady may visit at the gentleman's house and take supper with him, if the invitation comes from his mother, as he has no sister, and if he has no mother, his girl cousin could go with her to prevent gossip. Under the circumstances, it might be just as well not to go, but invite him to your house, for both of you are supper at the cousin's house. (2) We have no introduction language in stock. Say whatever you think would be pleasant, most people ordinarily saying: "I am very glad to meet you."

Discontent, Montgomery, Minn.—An eighteen-year-old girl who acts as willful and babyish and regardless of your feelings and rights as this one does will never be any better and the man who gets her for a wife will have trouble all his life. Next time you have a quarrel, let your own sense ought to tell you in a general way. Whatever you do, always be the lady. (2) What kind of a car ride do you want to know how to dress for? Street car, trolley car, steam car, motor car? Just for a ride it doesn't make much difference, but if you are going in the car to some entertainment, you must dress to fit the entertainment, whatever it may be.

Doubtful, Grand Rapids, Mich.—If your "steady" is your fiancé and he has no objection to your accepting attentions from other gentlemen during his absence, it will be perfectly proper for you to do so. If he is not your fiancé, he has no claim and you may do as you please. (2) It may be proper, or it may not, for a nineteen-year-old girl to go with a man of twenty-five, depending entirely upon whether the man is the proper sort of a man for a girl to go with. As a matter of merely etiquette it is proper.

Undecided, Goochland, Va.—Your being divorced gives you a legal right to marry again, and if you marry, we think the old sweetheart would be the first choice without any question. It would be right and romantic to accept him.

Three Clums, Carthage, Miss.—If you had made an engagement with one young man in the absence of another you preferred, and the preference should return, the fact that he was the preference would give you no right to repudiate your engagement with the other. If your promise is good for anything you will keep it, whether you like to or not. (2) The only way to secure the right to stop a young man from going to see another girl is to become engaged to him. You then have the right to object, but whether it will stop the young man or not, remains to be proved. (3) Most girls would rather call an engagement off with a young man, if they knew he wanted to go with another, but there are girls who would hold him to it, merely to spite the other girl. You can take your choice. (4) If a young man takes back a ring he has given a girl and later has a change of heart and wants her to take it again, she may do as she pleases, the rules of etiquette not applying in affairs of the heart.

Mamie, Raleigh, N. C.—Parents may sit up with their daughter when she has a gentleman caller, etiquette in this country not requiring their absence, but if they are sensible they will not. But either father or mother should drop in for a few minutes to speak to the caller in order to know something about the daughter's men friends. Most parents are too neglectful of this courtesy, which is really a precaution. (2) Engaged girls may go with other gentlemen if their fiancés do not object.

Mrs. T., Columbia, La.—The proper way for a widow to dress for mourning is as near as may be in the style of other widows in her community. There may be various styles, but in order not to be conspicuous and be talked about, do in Rome as the Romans do. Any good dressmaker in your town will give you particulars.

M. M. B., Ashland, Ohio.—In the absence of an usher, the gentleman should lead the way down an aisle, except in a church where the lady is an attendant and has a pew and the man is a stranger there. (2) The lady, who has been going about with a gentleman for two years, should know better than any etiquette editor on earth what kind of a present to give him. Use your own knowledge. (3) Jewelry is not a proper present for a lady to accept from a gentleman unless she is engaged to him.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

out and drank a cup of what it was his habit to characterize as "our modern poison," and took the cover off the hot muffs, but there he paused. He could not, even for the sake of appearances, swallow those indigestible greasy things! With a careful finger and thumb he assigned two pieces to the fire, set down his teacup, wiped his fingers, and noiselessly departed.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MAYNE HAS A LITTLE SCHEME.

Once in his own room, Mr. Mayne's face changed. He lighted a cigarette, and sat puffing at it as a man only does when he is mentally out of countenance.

"That woman"—could Lady Satterlee only have heard herself so apostrophized—"is at the

bottom of it all. She is aching to get her very ordinary son married and settled, though I don't know why. The silver affair has evidently not yet been told to either of them. Agatha will, of course, tell the beloved one all about it; the girls always tell everything when they are first engaged, and nothing if they enter that state a second time!"—sneering—"but Agatha knows very little to tell. Now, Nerine would be a different matter! And if she told that woman with the dyed hair all she knew, and they put their heads together, they are too clever not to discover some sort of a man's nest. And I might have some difficulty in destroying it. I am afraid that my younger stepdaughter will have to find other amusement than in visiting Lady Satterlee. It is a pity, for she would have learned a hundred things that the sweet Agatha will never discover."

Mr. Mayne lighted another cigarette. The little scratching sound of the fresh match was very loud in the quiet room. It reminded him of something.

"I don't want her here, with nothing to do but prow about the house while the other is gone. Her expeditions in here have gone far enough, though I fancy that there is not much my young lady would find of any interest at this time of day. But, till that unfortunate silver is forgotten, I must get rid of her somehow."

He drew his fine eyebrows very close together as he smoked by the glowing fire in the dull gray light of evening. He had something to attend to tomorrow—some short and sharp work



If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books alone is a veritable treasure house of the newest, most beautiful designs. The seven books combined form a complete library in which you will find any pattern in crocheting and tatting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. There are edgings, beadings, insertions and laces for every conceivable use. The illustrations are actual photographs of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell stitch by stitch how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Following is a description of each book which is 8 by 10½ inches in size with the exception of Volume 1 which is 9¼ by 12 inches. Please order by numbers and titles.

Volume 1 contains a beautiful assortment of crocheted yokes for combinations, envelopes, nightgowns, corset covers, etc.—2500 all different, exquisite patterns superbly illustrated by photographs with complete directions for working including quantity and size of material required, and correct size of hooks to be used.

Volume 2 is a real treasure book of hand-sewn edgings and insertions suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses—thirty-three different designs, all illustrated by photographs with full directions including a complete table of all the principal stitches used in crocheting and how to make them.

Volume 3 tells how to crochet Cluny laces. It contains eighteen lovely patterns in Cluny insertions and laces for centerpieces, library scarfs, boudoir caps, corset cover yokes, piano scarfs, curtains, chemises, envelopes or combination suits. Each pattern is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for making are full and explicit, including quantity and size of material, and size of hooks required. This book also shows all the principal crochet stitches and tells how to make them.

Volume 4 contains twenty-five handsome patterns in artistic crochet for yokes, boudoir caps, candle shades, baby bonnets, bedspreads, dollies, library scarfs, pillows, centerpieces, portiere medallions, curtains, etc., etc. Complete directions are given for working each and every design, including quantity and size of material and size of hooks required. The illustrations are actual photographs, all the principal crochet stitches are also named and full instructions given for making them.

Volume 5 consists of twenty-five patterns in novelty crochet, including miniature and clover leaf crocheted yokes, primrose and sunflower yokes; dollies, centerpieces, boudoir caps, unique edgings and insertions for serving trays; novelty aprons and collars. Each design is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for working include a complete list of all the different crochet stitches, and how to make them.

Volume 6 is devoted entirely to tatting. Maltese and Irish crochet, containing a varied and beautiful assortment of tatted handkerchief edgings, edgings, and insertions, tatted yokes, boudoir caps, towel edgings, medallions; yokes, breakfast caps, centerpieces, edgings and lace in Maltese crochet and yokes in Irish crochet. The patterns are illustrated by actual photographs and the directions for making include the different stitches in tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet and how to make them, as well as quantity and size of material and size of hooks required.

Volume 7 shows a variety of thirty hand-illustrated by a photograph of the real work showing just how the finished pieces look. There are rose, sunflower, periwinkle, and Venetian yokes; boudoir caps, monkey face library scarf and face pillow; large and small baskets, hat pin holder, jewel box, vanity tray, coin purse, utility bag, star fish dolly, pineapple centerpiece; edgings and insertions in pillow lace; daisy edging; spider, bell, rick-rack, novelty and coronation braid laces. Full directions accompany each design including quantity and size of material and size of hooks to be used, also all the principal stitches used in crochet and how to make them.

We advise you to order all seven of these splendid books before the assortment is broken, but if you do not care for the whole library at this time we have arranged the following special offers which give you the privilege of selecting any two or any four of the books as well as all seven of them. When ordering however, be very careful to state the number of each book desired.

Offer 8011A: For one 1-year subscription (not yours) (your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 8011B: For your own subscription, or renewal of one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (25 cents in all), we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 8012: For two 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you any four books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 8013: For three 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you the complete library just as described above—seven different volumes in all, handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing nearly 300 beautiful photographic illustrations of all that is new and pretty in crochet and tatting designs with complete directions for working. When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.

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to do in the way of intimidation. There must be no more scares as to burglars in Lispenard House till he was well out of it. After that? He threw his cigarette indifferently into the fire, as a knock fell discreetly on his door.

It was Jones who entered, out of illvory, and neatly dressed in some of his master's discarded clothes. He stood just inside the door when he had carefully closed it, and looked uncomfortably at his boots.

"Well," said Mayne, sharply, "did you tell her? One more exploit like that and I would send her to Australia?"

"No, sir, I didn't." His voice was very even, but not pleasant to hear. "When I send you on a journey for a purpose, I mean you to accomplish it."

"I couldn't, sir." For the first time, the man looked up. "She—she wasn't there."

"Not there?" he exclaimed, incredulously. "There was no one there. The cottage was shut up. I asked at the grocer's in the village, and she'd never been home since the time she was here."

Mr. Mayne never swore before servants, but there was the weight of a dozen execrations in his simple question:

"Do you know where she is?"

"No more than the dead."

Even to the keen eyes bent on him it was evident he was telling the truth; the man was as nonplussed as his master.

"She must have got money somehow to go away. I suppose she's gone to London."

"Shall I go up tomorrow and see, sir?"

"No. I've wasted money enough sending you today. She may go where she likes, as far as I'm concerned. When the funds give out, she'll go back to the cottage. I'll go down myself in a week or so, and make some arrangements."

There was a deadly emphasis in his voice, and the man resented it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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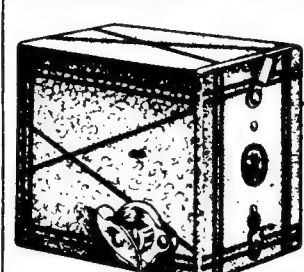


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Talks
with
Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the final month of spring and as the flowers bud and blossom, my dears, so do the summer girls, some of whom I know you are perfectly sure to be, for you wouldn't be girls if you didn't, and I wouldn't think half as well of you if you weren't, but be careful about it and don't forget that the summer girl to be the right kind of a girl must be an all-the-year-round girl. That's the only kind to build homes and happiness on and you are the home-builders and half the happiness-makers at least. Now as there is a great big pile of letters to answer, I'll stop talking and get to work. Here's June joy to you all when next month comes around.

The first letter is from Girlie, Hope, N. M., and she loves and is loved by a divorced man whom her father does not like and she says the young man had a fight in her defense the other day and her father never did and she wants to know if she should quit her father and marry the man who will stand up for her. That sounds romantic, doesn't it? Still, as she is only eighteen, I think if she's wise she will wait until she is twenty-one. But I don't think she will be wise. Most girls need marriage to bring them wisdom and then they are sorry.

Anxious, Athens, Ga.—Why do you want to marry "an awful rough fellow" who you believe loves another girl better than he does you and is flirting with you? However, if you want that sort of a life companion go ahead and marry him if you can, but never say you hadn't plenty of warning not to.

Troubled, Hope, Kansas.—I don't know, but I think that the best way to get rid of a persistent pest of a young man is to snub him on every occasion. public and private, and let the whole community know it. That will stop anything except a lunatic, and if this one is crazy the authorities should look after him.

Daisy, Franklin, N. C.—My dear, don't talk to me about "soul mates." If a young man, whom you "love dearer than life," though he has never spoken to you, cares a snap of his finger for you he will come after you and do part of the loving, himself. Otherwise forget him and don't be any sillier than the Lord made you!

Clover Blossom, Spanish Forks, Utah.—Don't tie yourself to any young man, no matter how nice he is, especially if he insists that you must, until you are at least twenty-one. If he wants to wait that long, you doing as you please in the mean time, tell him you will listen to his arguments, unless there is some other that you like better. There is a long time for these very insistent young men to wait and most of them can't stand it. Still, they are willing to have a girl risk a lifetime of it. You wait, my dear, and stay until.

Dolly, Spokane, Wash.—Being prepared is the call of the hour in patriotism, but in love affairs, don't you think you had better wait until the young man tries to kiss you before getting your negative answer ready? Wait for the inspiration of the moment and tell him straight that you are not the kissing kind.

Worried, Pine Grove, W. Va.—As you are engaged to him and he does not seem to think very much of marrying, or of you, I think your happiest way out of it is to break the engagement now. Don't wait. Drop him and drop him hard. It won't hurt him much, but girls won't learn such things, except by experience.

Jennette, Oneonta, Ala.—No girl should send a young man flowers or promise to marry him until she can spell and write more correctly than you do. Stay on in the high school and show this answer to your teacher.

Old Maid, Phenix, Va.—You write a good letter and show enough intelligence to warrant the conclusion that if you studied stenography and typewriting you would average up higher than most stenographers do. If it becomes necessary for you to make your own living, I advise you to prepare for it. As for the young man, stop worrying over him. He does not worry over you and why should you have all the worry? Better make your own home than marry for one, if you can't love anybody else, except this one particular one, who doesn't love you.

Blue Eyes, Warren, Wis.—You did right not to write to him until he had written. You prove what I always tell you girls, namely, that if a young man cares at all for a girl he will not lose her from any carelessness on his part.

Rosy Morn, Fort Atkinson, Iowa.—Beware, he is fooling thee. You are old enough not to be deceived by a boy like that and his continued indifference ought to be enough to teach you that he doesn't care for you and will finally quit if you don't break the engagement. Can't you see from the kind of a dance he is what an undesirable husband he would be? If you don't, now is the time to open your eyes and look.

Daisy, E. Palestine, Ohio.—Books not beans for you, my dear. Your writing is fair, but if your grammar were good would you ask me: "How is my grammar and writing?"

Gray Eyes, Wilson, Kans.—Fourteen-year-old girls should not be writing to young men, but you showed better sense than some older girls, when you stopped corresponding with the young man who wrote gushy, silly love letters to you. Keep to your books and your determination to be a schoolmarm. As to the gushy young man, continue friendly with him, but no more. He'll learn better, by and by.

Gray Eyes, Fremont, Mich.—Society is not for sixteen-year-old girls unless they are through school with full honors of final graduation. Girls who think more of boys than they do of books, nearly always become frivolous women and frivolous women are not the kind who become good wives and mothers. If they don't marry, they become silly old maids, which is about the limit of unloveliness.

There, dears, all your questions are answered that should be, but, my goodness me, there were a whole lot that I didn't answer simply because they were so silly, or showed signs that the inquirers had not been reading what I have been writing or they would have known without asking. Anyway, I haven't scolded much and you may run along now and play till next time and the good Lord watch over us all. By, by, COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

one entire eye to watch the hired man. Many a farmer has gone blind watching and waiting for the hired man to move. The farmers at least in your section, need another good eye to watch the boll weevil walking off with the cotton crop, and another good eye to see that the landlord does not get more than half the crop. How many more eyes he needs to see where his profits have gone after the food speculators, the bankers, the country store merchants, the politicians and other pirates have had a whack at him. I have never been able to figure out. Tell your teacher to have you write at least two hundred and fifty words once a day instead of once a week, on some topic of national interest. Do this and you can cover the whole field of knowledge. If this practice were carried out in every school in the land, we would soon have a nation of intelligent citizens, instead of a vast majority of nuts and know nothings. Modern day ignorance is appalling, and the schools are largely responsible for it. Abner, you are a very lucky boy if when milking you can succeed in getting part of the milk into the pail. When I tried the job I always got it in the eye. By the

way you have some very wonderful cows on your farm. I've heard of cows that gave milk, and milk that produced butter, but I never yet heard of cows that gave milk, butter, chickens and ducks. A few versatile cows of that description, would be worth several million dollars apiece in these times of food scarcity and threatened famine. I am delighted to know Abner, that you can cook a good meal, as out of about fifteen young ladies we have tried at various times for the position of housekeeper in our unique, inspiring and artistic establishment, we have never discovered but two who even know what a kitchen was built for. Some of them thought that a gas range was a new kind of parlor organ and wanted to play tunes on it. Others thought it was the latest thing in Ford automobiles, while others thought it was just a machine for heating curling irons and frying hair. All this ignorance was due to devoted, foolish mothers who would rather have dropped dead than allowed their quently daughters (who were all going to make ten thousand dollars a week as movie picture stars, or be secretaries to trust magnates and captains of industry and marry into the Gould and Vanderbilt families) to enter a kitchen and prepare a decent meal. By the way, if there is in all America a bright, healthy, intelligent girl who appreciates intellectual companionship, a lovely home where the laundry is put out and no fires to light, and where she can have all her evenings and a good part of the day for study and recreation, and where there is no bossing and being bossed, oceans of liberty and plenty of money for doing little, she can write to me. All that she is requested to do, is to be able to prepare three simple meals decently, and to keep clean her own and four other rooms. If she drops dead doing that we will pay for her funeral. By the way, mothers of America, have you any windows in your homes? The modern girl does not realize there are any, and if she did realize it she would not clean them, and, by the way, mothers, do modern girls know that a bed should be made at least once a week, or do they sleep in restaurants and cabarets where there are no beds? There are some worth-while mothers and one or two worth-while daughters in existence, but the latter are getting scarcer every minute. Mothers of America, don't make fools of your girls. You are doing it as fast as you know how, and I am the one that knows it.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was organized and is maintained by the devoted members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, as after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and include your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, Grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Alice Stacy, Dalton, R. R. 3, Ga. Invalid. Widow with one child. Needy and worthy. Send her some help. Fred W. Blissett, Newton Grove, N. C. Helpless invalid. No means of support. Lovely character. Give him a boost. Mrs.

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God loves a cheerful giver. Unfortunately so few people give anything to support this beautiful work, that God doesn't have a chance to love but mighty few of the millions who will read this notice and pass it by. Jar loose tightwads and learn the joy of giving.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Got More Pleasure Out of Uncle Charlie's Poems Than any Other Book!

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, Detroit, Mich., says about Uncle Charlie's Poems, and you'd say more than that if you had a copy in your hands. For eleven years we've been telling you about this gorgeous book of rib-tickling fun, and though we have given you the opportunity to secure this delightful volume that would bring joy and happiness to you and yours only one COMFORT home in fifty contains this delightful book, a book which you can obtain without the outlay of a single cent. If you want to know the real Uncle Charlie, possess pictures of him at his work and know the history of his life get up a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure this exquisitely bound volume which contains the funniest and best recitations for parlor and stage ever written. Best spring medicine in the world. Work for it today.

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This is what Mrs. Bjerke of Detroit, Mich., also says about Uncle Charlie's gorgeous song book, which contains twenty-eight of the most delightful songs ever written. Full music for voice and piano. Songs for all occasions—love songs, room songs, comic songs, sacred songs—all gathered into a superb volume as big as a copy of COMFORT, with an artistic cover on which appear four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie, equal to photographs. Yours free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today!

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A YARD and a half long and one yard wide. Water cannot rot it, sun cannot fade it. It lies flat on the floor without nails, tacks or paste and positively will not curl up at the edges. The Congoleum Rug is something new. It is not oil-cloth or Linoleum or made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other floor covering in the world. It is absolutely water-proof, not affected by heat or cold, neither fades nor rots indoors or out. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. You can leave it outdoors the year round, and it will not rot, fade or get that dingy look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and wear. In doors you can use it on your bathroom, hall, pantry or kitchen floor, under the refrigerator or stove or in any room in the house. No matter where you place it it will outwear a dozen ordinary rugs and give years of service. These rugs come in many different designs and beautiful combinations of colors and we have selected the one illustrated herewith as the most suitable for all-around purposes. It will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug, or in hall, kitchen, pantry or chamber. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want more of them at once so we have arranged to supply you with as many as you may need upon the terms of the following:

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Man Or Woman To Travel for old-established firm. No canvassing; \$1170 first year, payable weekly, pursuant to Contract; Expenses advanced. G. O. Nichols, Phila., Pa., Pepper Bldg.

One Tailor's Bill Saved Pays For Patented Clothes Brush. Brushes cut grease spots, cleans coat collars. Fast seller. Over 100% profit. Ten days Free Trial. Brush Co., 102B-22nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Agents. Make \$25 a week or more, selling our guaranteed Silverware Polisher. Send 25c for Sample. LeRoy & Co., Seminole, Okla.

Agents—Soft Drinks In powder. Just add cold water; ready instantly; delicious, healthful, every one wants them. Sells thirty places 25c. Trial package 10c postpaid. Chas. H. Morrissey Co., 417 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

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We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Lagadale, East Orange, N.J.

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Wanted. Men and women to qualify for Government positions. Several thousand appointments to be made next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet C G 1450. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Be A Government Farmer. Good pay. Steady, interesting job. Fine locations. Very desirable. Write, Central Institute, 8F, St. Louis.

No Strike: 8 Hour Day. Men everywhere. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, \$120. Colored Porters, Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Be A Detective. Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Men—Women Wanted. \$75.00 month. List Government Jobs open. Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 12, Rochester, N. Y.

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Women, become Dress Designers. Earn \$18 to \$50 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 550, Rochester, N. Y.

Be A Government Matron. Good salary. Interesting work. Beautiful locations. Very desirable. Write, Central Institute, 8F, St. Louis.

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

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Given To Any Woman. Beautiful 100 piece gold dec. dinner set for distributing (not selling) only 5 dozen packages. Diamond Dust Soap Powder free among friends. No money or experience needed. New Method Company, 730-738 North Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED

Thousands Government Jobs open to Men—Women. \$75 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 9, Rochester, N. Y.

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Inventors—Write for List of Needed Inventions. Sanders, 10 Webster Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Free For Six Months—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 408, 26 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

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Day Old Chicks for sale cheap. 10 Varieties. Hatched by one of the oldest Hatchers in the country. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

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As high as \$10 for Old False Teeth. Any Description. Mail to E. Byrns, 4250 Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small Capital Starts You. No experience needed. We teach you the business, Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 407 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

\$50.00 Nightly—In the Moving Picture Business on installment plan. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Ave., Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

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Write For Free Copy "Hints to writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems." Also catalogue of books. Atlas Pub. Co., 26, Cincinnati.

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

MOTION PICTURE ACTING

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Films Developed free. Perfect prints. We do the best work in this, the photo city. No charge for developing when we make the prints. No matter where you live, send us your films. We return promptly by parcel post. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

Next Permanent Finishing. All postage paid. Prompt service. Mailing boxes furnished. Get prices and samples free. O. Grant Myers, Summit, New Jersey.

Your Kodak Films Developed by a Roll. Prints 3c. each. Expert workmanship. Washington's best equipped studio. The Sport Mart Inc., Dept. C, Wash., D. C.

Trial Offer. Roll Films Developed and six prints, or 8 reprints for 8 cents. Joe O'Hern, Hannibal, Mo.

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\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1866. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 47c. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

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Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 18 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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Land Hungry Men! Work for yourself on 10 acres! Good land for poultry, fruit, vegetables, near good markets, towns, schools. In Michigan's Fruit Belt. Only \$250. \$5 down, \$4 monthly. Write for big booklet free. Owner, George W. Swartz, C146 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Cactus

There is cactus and cactus, but it is said the presence of these plants was not noted in Europe until after the discovery of America. The early traders who carried on a commercial business took back to Spain, England and other countries such interesting and curious plants as they saw in the New World. Except for a few species, the cacti are strictly indigenous to the Western Hemisphere. For the most part they are thorny, but a no less authority than Luther Burbank insists that the "thornless cactus" is no more of a novelty than a "thornless watermelon." But among the larger varieties there were none without spines. No interest was taken in their agricultural or horticultural possibilities. About seventeen years ago Burbank began to experiment in an endeavor to breed out the thorns and these experiments have convinced him that in its original state the cactus had leaves the same as other trees and plants.

In Mexico among the poorer classes the very tender growths of certain varieties of cactus are eaten raw, made into a sort of salad or cooked as may be desired. Other varieties have been used in the preparation of certain compounds in the treatment of disease. Several of the cactus families of the desert yield a fruit that is edible, and many is the desert traveler whose life has been saved by scooping a hollow in the trunk of the prickly tree and drinking the water to be found conserved there. The fruit, aside from being agreeable to the taste, is refreshing and nourishing. In certain parts of Mexico species of the Opuntia, known as tuna, from a considerable part of the diet of the people. In many places it is grown for the market and finds ready sale among all classes. The inner pulp, which contains the seed, possesses a pleasant flavor and creates the happy sensation of coolness, no matter what the heat of the day may be.

In Texas, Nevada, Arizona and California cattle are fond of the thorny variety and it is said that when the animals hear the roar of the gasoline torch they run toward it just as do chickens when the dinner call is given. The torch is used in burning the spines off the cactus slabs. This operation being performed the forage plant may then be eaten by the cattle without any fear that the dangerously sharp spines will stick to their noses.

Comfort's Comicalities

"Jest for Fun"

A Practical Profit Sharing Plan

Backward Lover
It was Easter Eve in leap year, and the young thing, who had been receiving long but unsatisfactory visits from the very shy young man, decided she might take a chance. Robert had brought her a splendid Easter lily.



"I'll give you a kiss for that lily," she promised, blushing. The exchange was duly, not to say happily, made. Robert started hurriedly toward the door.

"Why, where are you going?" asked his girl in surprise. "To the florists for more lilies," he replied.

"Before we were married," said wife reproachfully, "you used to bring me flowers or candy every time you called, but now—"

"Say no more about it," interrupted hubby. "Nobody regrets it more than I do."—N. Y. World.

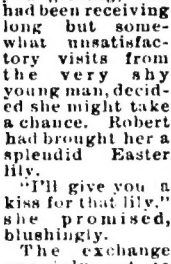
First Thinker—"There's one way I have it over Washington."

Second Thinker—"I'm your friend, so I'll listen to it."

First Thinker—"He couldn't tell a lie. I can."—Kansas City Star.



Repentant
"Before we were married," said wife reproachfully, "you used to bring me flowers or candy every time you called, but now—"



"Say no more about it," interrupted hubby. "Nobody regrets it more than I do."—N. Y. World.

First Thinker—"There's one way I have it over Washington."

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First Thinker—"He couldn't tell a lie. I can."—Kansas City Star.

Second Thinker—"I'm your friend, so I'll listen to it."



The Requirements
Willie came up to his mother with an expression of anxiety on his face. "Ma," he asked, "if a poor, hungry little boy was to come to the back door and ask for something to eat would you give him that piece of pie that was left over from dinner?"

"Yes, Willie, of course I would," said the mother.

"All right," he said, "just wait a minute till I run round to the back door."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Flyixis
(A story of the tankard)—Old man Drugg, in his skull cap, sat dozing behind the counter of his shop, outside which a sign read; "Drugg, Druggist, Druggs."

A portly looking man with a black mustache and a nervous smile and a green suit and an imitation panama and a package of cigarettes entered and inquired, "Have you anything that will make a race horse run faster?"

"I have," said old man Drugg. "Flyixis. My own invention."

"I'll trouble you for some, please."

"No trouble at all—\$5 a capsule," said old man Drugg impolitely.

And the stranger bought a capsule and departed.

That same evening he returned, in rather more of a hurry and with his nervous smile even more pronounced.

"I have," said old man Drugg. "Flyixis. My own invention."

"I'll trouble you for some, please."

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"Did it work?" asked old man Drugg. "Did it work?" repeated the sporty one. "My horse kept on going like a streak of battered lightning in a straight line over the fence. Give me two capsules of that stuff please. I'll have to catch that animal!"—Detroit Free Press.

A New York lawyer tells of a man who had been convicted of stealing by a certain "Down East" Judge, well known for his tenderheartedness.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the Judge, not unkindly.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly, bursting into tears.

"Well, well, don't cry, my man," said his honor, consolingly "you're going to be home."

Court Scene
Judge—"What is your name?"

Suede—"Yon Yonson."

Judge—"Are you married?"

Suede—"Yah."

Judge—"Whom did you marry?"

Suede—"I married a woman."

Judge (with indignation)—"Did you ever hear of anybody marrying anybody else but a woman?"

Suede—"Yah. My sister, she married a man."

The Very Man
Irate business man—"You book agents make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my feelings."

Agent—"Then I am the very man you want. I am selling dictionaries."—Pickings.



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See him today—talk it over—let him show and demonstrate the car you ought to own to ride the road to happiness.

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